THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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BY H. A. McPIKE.
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
...copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
" " " if not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
" " " if not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
" " " if not p'd within year.. 2.25
To persons residing outside the county ...nts additional per year will be charged to ...ge.
In no event will the above terms be de...ed from, and those who don't consult their ...interests by paying in advance must not ...ct to be placed on the same footing as those ...o do. Let this fact be distinctly understood ...this time forward.
...ay for your paper before you stop it, if ...ue it you must. None but scalawags do oth...Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

# Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1881. NUMBER 36.

**Advertising Rates.**

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. & B.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

NEW GOODS!

FOR EARLY FALL,

RECEIVED AND OPENED THIS WEEK!

...ew English Silk Stripes, at 25 cts.; choice ...sand good effects.
...0 pieces All-wool French Armures, 42 inches ...ll line of colors, at 50c. a yard, really worth ...0c. This is a bargain worthy of special notice, ...and want our friends to see the goods in our store ...or with for samples.
...ew Plaid Velvets in a combination of colors.
...Surprise Velvets, in a great variety of shades ...ll qualities, at $1 and $1.50 a yard.
...Handsome new Ombre Stripe and Plaid Dress Fabrics, 25c. to 88c. a yard.

SILK AND SILKS.

...8 pieces Heavy Black Silks at $1.25.
...8 pieces Heavy Black Silks at $1.50.
...0 pieces Heavy Black Silk at $1.75.
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These grades are the best value ever offered in any market.
...New Black Satins.
...New Plaid Satins, in Novelties.
...Black Cashmeres, 40 inches wide, at 45, 50, 55, 60, 75 and 79c. per yard.
...Black Cashmeres, 40 inches wide, at 75, 85, 90c. and $1 a yard, the best value ever before offered.

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

Special inducements and bargains.

...Heavy Silk Fur-lined Circulars, $25.
...Fur-lined Circulars and Garments of different ...and the most approved shapes, in Satin de Lyon, ...Satin Merveilleux, Silk Brocades and Gloriana.

REAL SACQUES AND DOLMANS.

...We will have opened early next week a lot Seal ...ques at $18 and $20; handsome qualities, full ...and all sizes. Any person contemplating ...buying from this first invoice of these goods ...will be saving. A lady can save from $15 to $25 on ...the price of one garment by purchasing early.
...New Line of Misses' and Children's Hosiery in ...navy and plain solid colors—Cotton, Merino and Cashmere.
...Large and choice styles Ladies' Neckwear, Spanish Laces, Fichus, Black and cream.
...New and very extensive stock of Housekeeping Goods, Flannels and Blankets.
...Our stock is now large and varied ...and the very best possible values for the money in all our many departments.

BOGGS & BUHL,
...418 & 120 FEDERAL ST., ALLEGHENY.

...N. B.—New Braid Passementerie Trimmings, ...by the yard. New Braid Ornaments and Fringes. New Buttons, 10c. to 50 per dozen.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS
Though Shaken in Every Joint
...with fever and ague, he follows remedy ...system can be freed from the malaria ...with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Pro...nounced manifest it with this beneficent medi...which is thoroughly purifying and ...complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, debility, ...kidney troubles and other ailments.
...For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally. [9-2-4m.]

THE LATEST and MOST WONDERFUL INVENTION!

EDISON'S
INSTANTANEOUS
GUIDE
—TO THE—
Piano or Organ!
...by which any Child or Person can play any of the ...tunes by note, at sight, without STUDY, ...PRACTICE, or even Musical Talent. ...ORGANS, 18 useful stops, 6 sets reeds, ...only $65. Pianos $125 up. Illus. ...Address Beatty, Washington, N. J.

Pieces of MUSIC, with INSTRUCTIONS,
...address on receipt of $1.00. Enclose ...stamp for Catalogue of Tunes. ...wanted in every State and County
Edison Music Co,
215 & 217 Walnut St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
...1881.-6t.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT
"What will TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT ...ask the sufferer from a multitude of dis...? Answer: It will remove from the system ...cause of the diseases that flesh ...It won't mend a broken limb or cleanse ...but it may be profitably used in connection. It will do no one any harm, and ...it may do a world of good. It don't suit your ...SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

NORTHERN TEXAS offers great attractions ...in way of rich, cheap lands, healthy country, ...climate, abundance of timber and water, direct ...to any other region now open ...Texas & Pacific Railway has in operation ...its entire completed line, passing through the ...richest counties of the great wheat, stock and ...fruit growing section of Northern Texas, and offers ...to settlers on easy terms, millions of ...acres of the best of Government ...lands, recently opened for settlement. For circulars giving detailed information, address ...J. H. ABRAMS, Land Commissioner, T. & P. R'y, Marshall, Texas.

...ARD TAYLOR, Poet and Traveller, ...writes from Japan in recommending to ...Academy of Mr. Arnold C. Shortridge, ...Media Pa., 12 miles from Phila.

...FERNANDO WOOD, M. C.,
"I cheerfully commend to the use of my ...friends. My boys will return to you ...early after their vacation."
...Illustrated Circular address SWITHINBANK, A. M., Harvard University, Media Pa., 12 miles from Phila.

HUNTER'S LIGHTNING LETTERS.
12 Articles in One.
Millions in use—everybody's ...Complete. 44-page catalogue ...of other novelties free.
J. H. HUNTER M'F'G CO., Cincin'ti O. Ag'ts Wanted.

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. Vickery, Augusta, Me.

...Rose Manufacturing Co., 106 Fulton St., New York, ...Thompson & Co., 132 Nassau St., New York, ...Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

Cuticura

THE GREAT SKIN CURE,

INFALLIBLY CURES

*Itching and Scaly Diseases, Scrofulous Humors, Ulcers, Old Sores and Mercurial Affections when all other Human Agencies Fail.*

THE CUTICURA TREATMENT, for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the Great Skin Cures.

For Sunburn, Tan and Greasy Skin use CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite toilet, bath and nursery sanative, fragrant with delicious flower odors and healing balsams.

SALT RHEUM.

Will. McDonald, 2342 Dearborn Street, Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of Salt Rheum on head, neck, face, arms and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced his case hopeless; permanently cured by the CUTICURA Remedies.

PSORIASIS.

H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. The most wonderful case on record. Cure certified to before a justice of the peace and prominent citizens. All afflicted with Itching and Scaly Diseases should send to us for this testimonial in full.

SKIN DISEASE.

F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day.

SCROFULA.

Hon. Wm. Taylor, Boston, says: "After three months' use of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and 12 years of as constant suffering from humor of the face, neck and scalp as was ever endured, I can say that I am cured, and pronounce my case the most remarkable on record. I have been so elated with my success that I have stopped men on the street who were afflicted, and told them to get the CUTICURA Remedies and they would cure them."

SKIN HUMORS.

Mrs. S. E. Whipple, Decatur, Mich., writes that her face, head and some parts of her body were almost raw. Head covered with scabs and sores. Suffered fearfully and tried everything. Permanently cured by CUTICURA Remedies.

CUTICURA

Remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of CUTICURA, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA MEDICINAL TOILET SOAP. CUTICURA MEDICINAL SHAVING SOAP, 15c.; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 35c. Principal depot.

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

☞ All mailed free on receipt of price.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS

☞ The Collins' Voltaic Electric Plaster, costing but 25 cents, is far superior to every other electric application before the public. They instantly relieve Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and Kidney and Urinary Difficulties, and may be worn over the pit of the stomach, over the kidneys, or any affected part. Prepared only by Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass. 9-2-1m.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—*In the matter of the account of Margaret Kittell, Administratrix of William Kittell, Esq., deceased.*—In the Orphans' Court of Cambria County.

And now, Sept. 12th, 1881, on motion of Seebler & Kittell, Joseph McDonald appointed Auditor to distribute balance in the hands of the Administratrix as shown by her account, and to distribute the observed payments and real estate, by the Court.

The Auditor above named will attend to the duties of his appointment, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on Wednesday, Oct. 12th, 1881, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where parties interested may attend if they think proper.

JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Sept. 16, 1881.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of Wm. Brookbank, late of Summerhill township, deceased.

On motion of F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., Harry G. Rose appointed Auditor to report the liens against the parties in interest, make distribution of the amount of the recognizance, and also of the fund in the hands of A. V. Barker, Esq., Trustee, &c.

By the Court.

Notice is hereby given that I will sit at the office of F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., in Ebensburg, on Thursday, Oct. 13, 1881, at 2 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested may attend.

HARRY G. ROSE, Auditor.
Sept. 16, 1881.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed Auditor to report distribution of the balance in the hands of said Executor, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of my said appointment at the hotel of Lawrence Schroth, in Carrolltown, on Thursday, the 13th October, 1881, at 10 o'clock, a. m., when and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Sept. 23, 1881.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the account of F. Beaver, Guardian of the minor children of Andrew Farrell.

Having been appointed Auditor to report distribution of the balance in the hands of said Guardian, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of my said appointment at the hotel of Lawrence Schroth, in Carrolltown, on Thursday, the 13th October, 1881, at 10 o'clock, a. m., when and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, Auditor.
Sept. 16, 1881.-3t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of FREDERICK YINGLING, dec'd.

Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of Fred'k Yingling, late of Dean township, deceased, that payment must be made without delay to the undersigned, who has been granted letters testamentary on said estate, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

DENNIS CAWLEY, Executor.
Dean Twp., Aug. 19, 1881.-6t.*

LAND FOR SALE.—The undersigned has 96 Acres of land lying between Loretto and Chest Springs which he will sell very cheap and on easy terms. There are about FORTY Acres cleared, the balance being well covered with saw timber, principally hemlock. For further information call on or address

F. A. STORM,
July 15, 1881-tf. Loretto, Pa

$72 a week, $12a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address *True & Co.*, Augusta, Me.

## A TERRIFIC EXPERIENCE.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE.

Turning over the leaves of my note book—kept daily for more than a quarter of a century—my attention is rivited upon a brief memoranda, which allludes to one of the most exciting and dangerous passages in all my detective experience:

The notation reads briefly: "Captain Burleigh, schooner 'Dart,' 12:50 A. M." and, as I con it over, the remembrance of the events to which it is the key grows brighter and keener, until all the details come to mind with a force and a distinctness absolutely painful, and of which I cannot, even at the present moment, think without a motion of horror.

It was a little after midnight, early one Sunday morning, as my book shows when I was hurridly summoned to the Central Office of a special messenger.

"Sorry to disturb you," said the inspector, as I came in; "but the case is an urgent one. Here is a sailor who says he is a deck hand on board the schooner "Dart," moored in the North River, and that his captain had been murdered and robbed.—You had better go down to the barge office, get a boat and board the schooner, and take such steps as may be requisite. Now, my man," he added, addressing the sailor, "you go with the officer."

On our way to the barge office, the sailor informed me that the schooner "Dart," was a coaster, plying between Eastport and New York; that the captain, Mr. James Burleigh, had come on board the schooner at a late hour on Saturday afternoon, having with him two canvass bags, containing one thousand dollars in gold each—that he had taken an early supper and gone ashore, telling the watch to keep a sharp lookout for river thieves.

The sailor thought it must have been about ten o'clock when the captain returned, and that it was nearly twelve when he heard a violent noise in the cabin which awakened him. Calling one of his companions, they burst the cabin hatch, and upon enteling, they found Captain Burleigh lying on the floor, bleeding from numerous wounds, and apparently dead.

In about half an hour after leaving the office we were on board the schooner. The interior of the cabin indicated that a terrible struggle had taken place between the captain and the assailants. The cabin table had been broken down, and there were marks of bloody hands upon various articles scattered stout, and also upon the sides of the berth.

The captain's night dress had been torn in shreds, and his hair was disheveled and matted with gore. Kneeling close down to the body, I fancied there were signs of life about it, and had commenced staunching the flow of blood, when the surgeon arrived from the Central Office. Leaving the captain to his more skillful offices, I began picking up the threads likely affording some clue to the assailants.

A careful search of the floor by the light of the bull's eye revealed little tufts of hair in various places, some of which was black, some sandy in color, and some nearly white. Captain Burleigh's hair was almost white; and an examination of his hands, which were covered with blood, disclosed some of the black and sandy hairs adhering to the fingers. A further search disclosed a small list slipper, not larger than those owned by lads of the age of ten or twelve years.

The different colored hair indicated that there had been two assailants; and the slipper evidenced the fact that they had been accompanied by one of the "wharf rats," as we term them—a class of waifs, without homes or parental restraint, who live about the wharves and piers, and are used by the old river thieves in effecting entrances to the places intended to be robbed.

A leather pocket-book lying on the cabin floor was among the other articles found. It had been rifled of its contents with the exception of a few papers, and among these was a receipt from one Josiah Grandie, of West Thirteenth street, to Captain Burleigh for two bags of gold, each containing one thousand dollars. The receipt was dated the very day of the robbery, and bore upon the margin the words: "This receipt was given to me at two P. M.;" but the sailor had informed me that the captain had come on board at four o'clock on the afternoon in question, having the gold, for he had seen the gold. This was hardly reconcilable.

I gathered up the tufts of hair, the slipper and the pocket-book, and went ashore. Day broke as I landed at the barge office, and took my way to the residence of Josiah Grandie, whom I found with much diffienity. He said he knew Captain Burleigh well, and, upon being shown the receipt found in the pocket-book, he said:

"Yes, I gave that to the captain on Saturday."

"But how came the captain to take the money away and not return this receipt?"

"Bless your dear soul!" said the old man, "he didn't take it away, he left it here."

And in a few moments he produced the bags.

This complicated matters still more.

Bidding Mr. Grandie good morning, I drove to the Central office. The surgeon had returned from the vessel and left word that Captain Burleigh had recovered consciousness; that his wounds were not necessarily fatal, and that he had been brought on shore to the City Hospital.

I sent a messenger to shadow the sailor who told me the story of the gold bags, and then proceeded to the hospital, where, after an hour's delay, I was permitted to see Captain Burleigh. He was a man of splendid physique, clear-eyed, bright-faced and intelligent. Although very weak, he managed to tell me his story in his own way, clearly, but slowly.

"I was very tired on Saturday night," said the captain, "and was no more in than I was asleep. I was awakened suddenly with a sound as if something heavily had fallen to the floor, and although the binnacle light was burning rather dimly, saw two men and a boy in the cabin. They knew I was awake about as soon as I did. One of them struck at me with an iron bar, just as I was rising out of the berth, the end of the bar grazing my face and making an ugly gash.

"I knew it was to be a struggle for life, and leaping from the berth, grappled the one who had struck at me, wrenched the bar from him, and hurled it with all my strength at the other, who was standing near the cabin window; but the bar missed its aim. Then we clinched and the struggle was fierce.

"We must have gone several times around the cabin, they striking me repeatedly with a billet of wood, and I doing little more than holding and pulling them by the hair, until we all stumbled upon the table and went down by the run. This was all I remembered until I came to this place."

"But the money, captain? How much money did you have aboard ship?"

"Not a dollar, sir! Fortunately I had left my money with old Mr. Grandie, of West Thirtieth street, on Sunday afternoon."

"I thought the deck-hand was deceiving me, when he said you came on board with two bags that day; but I am at a loss to understand his motive."

The captain smiled.

"A more honest man than Tom Bracely never walked a deck," he answered; "but we Downeasters are full of tricks. The fact is that when my gold was being put up inbags at the broker's, I bought two empty ones, just like them, and filled them with cotton. The cabman who drove me to Mr. Grandie's might have been honest, but I did not know that. He saw me carry two bags into the house and bring two out; but I left the gold and brought out the cotton. This was to deceive him as to my having left any gold there; and these were the bags that Tom Bracely saw me bring aboard ship."

As the captain was growing fatigued, I left him, returned to the Central Office, calling the "shadow" away from Bracely, and gave myself opportunity for a little reflection.

That same night a half drunken sailor tumbled into one of the low slums, or theiving resorts, then abounding in Water street, calling for a glass of grog, and sat down amidst the general carousal. A group of three persons at the farther end of the room, seemed to attract his attention. They were two men and a boy. One of the former had densely black hair, black eyes, a very short black beard, and a most ferocious countenance.

His companion was of an exactly opposite complexion, having light eyes, sandy hair, and wearing no beard. These two were playing cards, and the boy was observing the progress of the game.

In a few moments the sailor reeled out of the place, turned toward the river front, passed into the open doorway of a tenement house, and was lost in the darkness. Five minutes afterward there emerged from the same doorway, Mr. Joseph Tracer, the "king of shadows."

"What luck, Mr. Tracer?" I queried as he came up.

"The whole party is inside, sir. You say you only want the boy now?"

"That is all, until I get further evidence. When you capture him bring him to headquarters. I shall lodge there for the balance of the night."

It was about three o'clock in the morning when Tracer appeared with the boy, and gave him into my custody.

"Now, my lad," I said when we were alone, "tell me all about the night you went aboard the 'Dart' with those river thieves? If you tell me the truth, you shall not be harmed; if you deceive me, I shall send you to the penitentiary."

"You kin send me where you like, "he sniveled; "if I don't know nothing, I can't tell nothing, kin I?"

"Very well; if you don't know anything, you shall be made comfortable. Pull off your shoes. Now put on this slipper—it is one of the kind that makes no noise, and carries many a boy to the State prison.

The slipper fitted exactly.

"It's no use trying to keep anything from you fly cops," he blubbered again. "Will I be hurt?"

"Not if you tell me the truth," I answered.

And with this assurance he made a complete confession of the whole affair, giving me the names of the criminals, telling me that they had seen the captain when he went on board the schooner with the bags in the afternoon, and depicting their chagrin at finding them filled with cotton instead of gold.

"You kin never git them two," he continued; "they'll know I'm pulled, and they'll go for the dock-crib."

The boy proved to be correct. The ruffians went for the "dock crib," but under his guidance we located the place. The "dock-crib" was constructed of rough boards, under one of the North river piers, and formed a cavity of about twelve feet in length by seven in width. It was not more than four feet in depth, owing to the proximity of the water line at high tide, and had a point of ingress and egress from the pier. There was also a trap in the centre of the floor, which rendered it accessible from the water side, but this was available only at low tide

Having made a reconnoisance of the place in daylight, I judged it best to make the attack first from the pier side, and as tide would serve, to attempt it that night.

My plan was to run a boat under the pier as noiselessly as possible, and then to have men on the pier to make a demonstration upon a given signal. The criminals would necessarily resort to the trap, and we would take them in the boat as they came out.

The night was in every way favorable, but it was ten o'clock before the tide had ebbed sufficiently for our purpose. As the boat approached the end of the pier, I stood up in the stern sheets, opened and closed my bull's eye lantern with such rapidity as to cause a flash of light, heard the whistle of the patrol in acknowledgement that they had seen and understood it, and glided under.

A faint glimmer of light came through the chinks between the boards of the box, but it was suddenly extinguished. There was a hurrying of feet above us, the trap lifted, and then we could hear the sound of our men on the pier, battering at the place overhead.

One of the inmates lowered himself down, and as he did so his feet touched the gunwale of the boat. He knew he was caught, and attempted to draw himself up again, when one of the officers seized him, and gave him a desperate pull and broke his hold.—Unfortunately the boat careened, and pitched him and the officer overboard. The man above was about to follow, but discovering the situation, drew back, and attempted to close the trap. The quickness of my movement defeated his object. I sprang up thro' the aperture, and grappled him, but, with his enormous strength, doubly increased by rage and despair, he flung me to one side, and closed and secured the trap.

I had counted upon being immediately followed by one of the officers, but they were so intent upon saving their comrade who had fallen into the water as to have apparently forgotten me. The door overhead continued to resist the efforts of the men on the pier, and I found myself caged with an infuriated and desperate criminal in a box not high enough to stand upright in, and that seemed impregnable from above and below it was intensely dark. The situation was simply appalling, and yet demanded coolness and decisive action.

Crouching closely down in the corner of the box into which I had been thrown, I awaited the onslaught of my antagonist with an emotion impossible to describe. The din overhead precluded my hearing if he was making any movement; and in the absence of any better expedient I pointed my pistol in a straight line from my head and fired.

The flash of the pistol lit the box with a momentary glare, but sufficiently to show that my ugly companion was lying prone upon his face, with his long and muscular arms extended at full length, as if feeling for his prey. The instantaneous flash had revealed my position also. The bullet sped harmlessly above him, and before I could fire again he was upon me with the fury of an enraged tiger.

I could feel him coming as one feels a dead stillness before some awful explosion, and dropping close to the floor, I turned partially upon my side, and struck out wildly with the butt of my pistol. A terrible crash followed and in the same instant I received a terrible blow that rendered me utterly unconscious.

When I came to my senses I was lying upon the pier, my head being supported by one of the patrol, who was wiping the blood from my face. Near me were the culprits, ironed together and closely guarded.

I subsequently learned that the door on the pier side of the box had given way, just as my antagonist had sprung upon me and dealt the terrible blow that had deprived me temporarily of my senses, and that some excellent "club work" upon his own head had been the means of saving me.

The two who had fallen into the water had also been rescued, and in a little while we were all at the Central Office. It was some days before I was able to resume my duties and appear in court against the prisoners. No trial was had, however. Captain Burleigh had also recovered sufficiently to appear, and the boy being ready to testify in behalf of the State, the array made the case a hopeless one for the accused. They pleaded guilty and were each sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor.

## A CAMPAIGN INCIDENT.

A crazy-looking huckster wagon, filled with the products of the farm and garden, and drawn by a dilapidated horse attracted considerable attention in Titusville the other day. The occupant of the vehicle was a little old man in homespun, who rode with one foot on the outside of the wagon-box. Interest in the odd-looking turnout was greatly increased when the driver reigned up in front of the *Petroleum World* office, and raised a small sign-board in his wagon, upon which was inscribed in an uncouth hand:

COUNTRY PRODUCE
ALSO THE
POLITICAL ISSUES DISCUSSED.

This legend soon attracted a large crowd, when the little old man stood up in the crazy wagon and made a formal announcement that he had for sale a nice lot of garden produce such as pumpkins, turnips, cabbages, some chestnuts, etc. "I also have," said he, as he lifted a faded bed-quilt from a keg, "a few gallons of hard cider, which I think is the best ever brought to yer town."

"What about the political issues?" yelled a man from the curbstone.

"We'll come to that by-and-bye—jes' as soon as I sell some ov this truck out ov the wagon so as I kin have a place to stand."

The crowd realized that they had at last struck something in the way of a political orator, and it was plain that they meant to encourage him, even before he had made the suggestion regarding business.

The cider was the first thing they tackled. As many men as could gather around the wagon, and the cider was closed out in short order at five cents per cup.

"Drink hearty, gents," the little old man would say, "this remin's me uv the hard-cider campaign uv '40, when I tuk the stump for Old Tippecanoe; an' besides, it's made uv as fine fruit as ever growed on a tree."

"See here! tell us about Maine!" yelled a political man, whose thirst was for political information.

"Don't fret the cattle," was the old man's response.

One man bought all the chestnuts he had, in order, as he said, to reduce the stock, and get around to the political issues.

Pumpkins, squashes, parsnips, etc., were purchased rapidly, the old man remarking that the drudgery of farm-life was distasteful to him, and he was only truly happy when on the stump discussing the great issues before the people.

Scraping under the seat with his feet he unearthed a gourd, and holding it up, said:

"Gents, this is the last shot in the locker, who is the lucky man?"

Twenty-five or thirty men, apparently, offered to purchase it. The man who succeeded bowled it down street with an oath, and said what he wanted was chin music.

The crowd was breathless with anxiety, or would have been had it not been yelling "speech!" "speech!"

The little old man stood up in the wagon, took off his hat, and said:

"No occasion for a speech now, gents.—Goods are all sold without it. If ye'd hung fire like I expected ye would, I'd harangued ye till sundown. But ye kem right up like little men, and bought my last parsnip.—That's the way I like to do biz. Thanks, gents."

The party who had been the heaviest purchaser ran to take the horse by the bits; but that animal laid his ears back on his neck, and showed his teeth in the most vicious fashion.

"I forgot ter tell ye," said the old man, quietly, "not to go near Romeo, fer he's liable ter swallow some one."

He then dropped down into his seat and drove off, remarking that when he went actively into politics, business in garden truck would be a darned sight duller than it appeared to be now.

BREAD AND GRAVY.—A rather seedy looking customer walked into a restaurant on Austin avenue and said to the proprietor: "What do you ask for nicely cooked beefstake, well done, with onions?" "Twenty-five cents." "And the gravy?" "Oh, we don't charge anything for the gravy." "You don't? That's liberal. How much do you charge for bread?" "We throw in the bread." "Is it good bread?" "It is." "So you throw in bread and gravy?" "Certainly." "Then bring me in some bread and gravy. It is not healthy to eat meat in summer.—*Texas Siftings.*"

## MISS HIGGINS'S MAN.

For thirty years Miss Higgins had looked under the bed every night and had never found a man there, yet still she looked. Whether it was fear that impelled that death like research or a fatality that was beckoning her to her fate, I know not. It would seem, however, to be the former, for she had often been heard to observe: "That of all the abominations on earth, a man was the most abominable."

Indeed, at the informal tea-drinkings of the allied forces of Chesterville, the three Misses Wheeler and the two Misses Jones, she had often excelled them all in the withering tone which she would repeat: "Man, man!" and no one could breathe greater defiance at this foeman than she. It was at one of these tea parties that they had entered into a solemn compact that, in the event of Women's Rights giving either of these allies sovereign power of the nation, an Eastern law was to be imported and improved, and husbands buried with the dead bodies of their wives.

As Eunice Higgins well remarked: "That would put an end to widowers pretty lively." And with this remark the Hyson flowed, and the wassail went on—with such a spirit that Aurelia Wilder, the most radical, added another clause: "That the children of widowers should be thrown in too, and not be a botherin' other women." This was also well received.

Now if any one thinks that Miss Eunice Higgins was a woman devoid of virtues and womanly graces, I pity them—they are so utterly mistaken. She had assisted a drunken father through the world, till he made his exit—sustained and supported a feeble mother—and three or four children, older but more helpless than she, till the mother went home to her reward, and the children had found flourishing homes for themselves, with the exception of the oldest son, who had followed his father's footsteps, literally. Indeed, when one contemplates the specimens of manhood she has been familiar with, her aversion to the sex does not seem so wonderful. She was not shrew-eyed, but good and kindly looking. No home was brighter than hers. No farm was better managed.

The night on which commences my humble history, Miss Higgins went to her room in usual good humor. She had had a tea party. The allies had been present, and admitted unanimously that such fragrant tea, such snowy biscuit and honey, such golden butter, such cakes and sweetmeats had not been partaken of that season. The scene of her benign victory rose before her as she took off the little switch of hair at the back of her head, and pensively rolled it up ere she put it in the top bureau drawer.

She saw again the sinking sun shining in, through her house plants in the window, upon the drugget of the dinning room; the snowy tea table, with its silver and sprigged china; the admiring faces of her friends as they took of her delicious food. But no memory disquieted her. She almost mistrusted her lemon extract was losing its strength—the frosting on the fruit cake did not seem to be flavored quiet enough." But this haunting memory was softened by the tho't that she could get a new bottle to-morrow.

By this time she was arrayed in her long white night dress and cap. She folded up every article of clothing, and laid it down to right angles, she looked up at her breast-pin, and then impelled by fate she calmly advanced to the side of the bed and raised the snowy valances—gave one shriek, and fell back on the carpet, hitting her head as she did so on a chair rocker. There was her man under the bed.

Miss Higgins had often fancied how she would awe such a robber, such a burglar, with her fearless and searching glances; how she would defend her property with her life. Let us not be too hard with her—she is not the only one of us who has found that it is more easy to dream of great achievements than to accomplish them. She is not the only one who, at the first shock, has shrieked and tumbled down before adverse fate.

But Eunice Higgins was not the one to wither away before a calamity. Not long did she lie there; but as short as the time was, when she lifted her head the man confronted her. He was a very small man, indeed, not more than seven years old, and small at that, very good looking and well clothed, although exceedingly disheveled and uncomfortable in appearance.

"How came you here, under my bed?"

This was the first question, but it was repeated before he answered, with drooping head and glances:

"I've runned away."

"Run away from where?"

"From our folks."

"Who is your folks?"

"Father."

Here the dialogue terminated suddenly—Eunice Higgins became suddenly conscious that a night-grown and night cap was not the proper raiment in which to entertain even so small a man. Out in the sitting-room, beneath the warm light of the kerosene gleaming through rose geraniums, and the keener light of Eunice Higgins' eyes, the inquisition was continued. From which these facts were gleaned:

That the boy, Johnny Dale, had been so tried with his father because he wouldn't let him go to a circus, that he ran away. It was early in the morning, he said, and he had got a ride with a teamster, and rode with him till afternoon, so he must have come some distance. After the teamster stopped he walked on, and coming to her door in the twilight, he thought he would ask her for supper, but there was no one it; Miss Higgins had gone "a piece" with her visitors. But the tea table stood there, laden with good things; he had helped himself generously, and then, as he heard her step suddenly ont side, guilt, which makes cowards of us all, drove him into the bedroom, and, as the step came nearer and nearer, under the bed. His unusual fatigue had overpowered him, and he had fallen asleep, and was awakened only by her screams as she discovered him.

Miss Higgins's good sense, backed by her good heart, taught her that what her man needed now was a good supper and a bed. But in the morning the question again vexed her. What was she going to do with her man—should she advertise him? Again she questioned him in the sun-lighted dining-room at his excellent breakfast.

"Whereabouts do your folks live—in what place?"

He looked up mildly at her, with a large piece of peach pie midway between his plate and his mouth, and answered obediently:

"Our folks' house."

"Who is your folks?"

"Father."

The allies were called in; the stiffly starched inquest sat on Miss Higgins's man. The additional result of their over-questioning being that the father of Miss Higgins's man belonged to the corrupt and shameless sect—widowers.

Miss Higgins trembled.

"Had she not better dispose of her man at once? Was it not partly encouraging widowers in their nefarious doings, to harbor these small men?"

She asked these questions with some relenting of heart, for already had the childish arms been upon her, and it was with great relief that she heard the decision of Aurelia, the most radical of the allies.

"No; keep him here. Such a chance was never vouchsafed to the allies to teach one of these men—widowers—a lesson they would not soon forget. Punish that wretch, that unnatural widower, by saying nothing about the child. Let him think he was lost; let him hunt him up the best way he can."

The younger Miss Jones—she was only forty and naturally timid and apprehensive—suggested that it would be just like one of these men to come right here to Miss Higgins's after him. There wasn't anything they hadn't the face to do. It would be just like one of them to walk into her sitting-room."

Here Miss Higgins remarked with spirit that she would like to see him; walk into her house. He wouldn't stir a step beyond the hall, and as for that stair carpet she was going to take it up and clean it anyway."

This remark, which was warmly applauded, terminated the conference.

Johnny did not seem at all averse to the arrangement. He was at the age when bodily comfort overshadowed the mental. He appeared to have a great deal of affection for his father, but there was a Sarah Ann at the very mention of whose name he gnashed his teeth. "She was awful; she had shaken him, pinched him and pulled his hair."

Eunice Higgins's warm heart almost melted within her at the recital of his sufferings.

A week passed away, and daily had Miss Higgins's man gained upon her affections. She was the youngest child of her parents, and had never known the delights of childish society. She had dwelt so long alone, that to have that bright, manly little face opposite hers at the breakfast table, looking out of the window, hailing her return from her short absence, his merry, innocent prattle and ringing laugh, were all more agreeable to her than she would be willing to acknowledge.

She grew lenient to the boyish nerve of her men, for the best of boys have unregulated movements; looked benignantly at him as he capered in the garden paths in startling proximity to her narrow fats and clustering cucumbers. She raveled out a stocking and ont of one of her second-best morocca shoes made a ball for him; and when he lost it in her best meadow, she herself boldly breasted the clover waves, side by side with him in pursuit of it.

So that beautiful week passed away, and one morning Eunice Higgins was called from her snowy dairy rooms by a ring at the front door.

Opening it, she confronted a pleasant looking man of about her own age. Woman's unerring intuition said to her, "That is he." Here was the opportunity to wither him with glances. But how could she when he looked so much like Johnny, just such a pleasant, manly look to his face. Eunice did not wither him.

"I have been informed, madam, that there has been a boy, runaway boy, here—is it so?"

Instead of the prussic acid and vinegar that she had designed to have in her tone, the likeness to her man so softened her voice that it was only pleasantly acidulous like a ripe lemon, as she replied, "Yes, sir, it is."

"Is he here now?"

"Yes, sir, he is."

His anxious eyes so brightened at this that she entirely forgot her carpet and her enmity, and actually invited him in.

No sooner had he seated himself than Johnny ran in with eager eyes.

"Father! Father!"

He threw his arms around his father's neck and kissed his bearded lip, and then, in his delight, he turned and threw his arms around Eunice's neck, and kissed her with the same pair of lips, and still Miss Higgins could say, in the dying words of the great statesman:

"I still live."

Mr. Dale was a man of means and leisure. He thought the air of town exceeding good. He obtained board for the summer, for himself and son, at the little hotel. But in all Chesterville, no air was so solubrious, he thought, as the air of Miss Eunice Higgins's parlor; consequently he sought that healthful retreat often, Johnny going before like an olive branch.

Day after day Mr. Dale tread over the immaculate purity of her carpets, and they were not taken up and cleaned. Hour after hour did he sit upon her sofa, and it was not purified with soapsuds and benzine.

And at last, one peaceful twilight, it was on the 14th of September, at the close of a long conversation—both of the parties being at the time, of sound mind—Johnny's father kissed Miss Higgins on her cheek.

When I say that she did not immediately burn it out with lunar caustic, you may be prepared for the result that followed.

The next week Eunice Dale, late Higgins, was ignominiously expelled from the allied forces of Chesterville; her name was washed out

# Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - SEPT. 30, 1881.


DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR TREASURER:
JOHN A. KENNEDY, Ebensburg.
FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGES:
JAMES MYERS, Ebensburg.
JOHN FLANIGAN, Stonycreek Twp.
FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS:
JOSEPH HOGUE, Allegheny Twp.
JOHN CAMPBELL, Conemaugh Boro'.
FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR:
GEORGE W. EASLY, Johnstown.
FOR COUNTY AUDITORS:
H. A. ENGLEHART, Ebensburg.
JOHN LITZINGER, Clearfield Twp.
FOR CORONER:
C. W. EASLY, Johnstown.

THE inaugural address of President Arthur will be found in another part of our paper to-day. It is brief, but it is very comprehensive, and if he carries out to the letter the fair promises he has made, his administration will be something that the country, and especially that wing of the Republican party that stood by the late President, did not anticipate with any degree of confidence. But will he carry out the programme he has laid down? We must wait and see. Promises are easily made and as easily broken.

IT was perhaps a prudent thing in President Arthur to have the oath of office re-administered to him on yesterday week in the Capitol at Washington, but it was not at all necessary. He had a precedent, however, for the course he adopted, for Hayes took the oath twice, the first time on *Sunday* and in private, the 4th of March in 1877 having fallen on that day, and his second at the inauguration on the day following. He would not perhaps have taken the first oath if he had been fairly elected, but as he knew he never was, he concluded that a little double swearing might cover up, or at least palliate, the wrong and the infamy he was about to perpetrate upon the American people.

ABOUT a month ago we referred to the sudden taking off by her own hand of Mrs. Daisy Oaks Dudley, the young, handsome and fashionable wife of Francis H. Dudley, of Orange Mountain, N. J., who, because a covered buggy was brought out for her to go to the Orange and New York rail road depot, instead of her favorite phæton, ran up the stairs of her husband's residence and in her room blew her brains out with a pistol; and now in the New York *World* of Saturday last we read the beginning of what prefigures the sad fate of poor Dudley, as follows; "Francis H. Dudley, whose wife, Daisy Oaks Dudley, committed suicide a few weeks ago, was arrested on Main street, Orange, yesterday morning on a charge of intoxication, and was locked up at the police station.

THE funeral ceremonies at Cleveland on Monday afternoon over the remains of the late President were of the most solemn and imposing character. Never before in this country was there assembled in one of its cities so many prominent men, embracing Governors of States and State officials, members and ex-members of Congress, officers of the army and representatives of nearly every other class and profession. The city literally overflowed with the vast crowd of visitors, most of them, of course, from Ohio, Gen. Garfield's native State. The body was deposited in a vault in Lake View cemetery, where it will remain for a brief period, when it will be removed to another part of the cemetery, where a spot has been selected for its last earthly resting place. This will be the final scene of all. Peace to his ashes.

THE post-mortem examination of President Garfield's body established the fact beyond all controversy that the wound was necessarily fatal. Nevertheless, Dr. Boynton, the Ohio physician, who had the noisy and unseemly wrangle with Dr. Bliss in the White House, a day or two after the President was shot, and who has not had any professional connection with the case, has caused it to be announced that he will soon publish a statement, not only in regard to the post-mortem examination, but in regard to the treatment of the case generally by the attending surgeons, in which he will undertake to show that they mistook the case from the very start and were guilty of malpractice. If Dr. Bliss is drawn into the disputation, it will probably last during the balance of the century.

THE artist doesn't live who could have done justice to the scene that was presented in the Vice President's elegantly furnished room in the capitol at Washington, on yesterday week, when Chester A. Arthur took the oath of office for a second time. Who could have portrayed the expression of the faces of Rutherford B. Hayes and John Sherman when they stepped forward to shake the hand of the man whom, only two short years ago, they unceremoniously kicked out of the office of collector of the Port of New York, in order, as Hayes said in his letter of dismissal, that its affairs might be "honestly administered." To have made the picture perfect, and to eloquently show the sharp revenges of time, it was only necessary that Roscoe Conkling, with his sardonic grin, should have been present occupying a conspicuous position in the back-ground of the grand *tableau* as a quiet "looker on in Vienna."

WHILE the dead body of the President was lying in state in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington, on yesterday week, a turbulent and disgraceful contest was going on the First Assembly District Convention of Oneida county, N. Y., the home of Conkling, for the election of four delegates to New York Republican State Convention, which will meet next Wednesday. Nearly two hours were spent in a fruitless attempt to organize the party, during which several local politicians, including both Conkling and anti-Conkling men, were severely pummeled, knocked down and dragged out. The outcome of the scrimmage was that two conventions were held at the same time and in the same room, and two sets of delegates were elected, Conkling at the head of one and State Senator Lowry at the head of the other. It is thought that Conkling's friends will control the convention, but it is not yet by any means certain.

A TABULAR STATEMENT of the returns of the Democratic primary election held in this county on Saturday last, will be found on the local page of our paper. This is the first experiment Cambria has made in nominating county officers under the Crawford county system, and the result, so far as we have heard Democrats discuss it, is infinitely more satisfactory, and is endorsed with more unanimity, than nominations under the old delegate system for several years past have met with. And why should it not be so? Every candidate for office from the highest to the lowest appealed to the same tribunal, the Democratic voters of the county, for an endorsement of their claims. All of them mingled freely among the people, not to set up two delegates in each election district in their special interest, as was formerly done, but to secure their nomination by an "honest vote and a fair count," They have all made their fight and the contest is over; there is no allegation of fraud or corruption in a single district, and surely no man who is a Democrat from principle will refuse to submit to the verdict of the ballot-boxes. The nominations are not the work of an "Ebensburg ring" or of a "Johnstown ring," but they are emphatically the work of a "voter's ring," and from that there can be no appeal. In view, then, of the result brought about in this fair and straightforward manner, and in view of the admitted fact that the nominees are competent for the positions for which they have been named, and are of unimpeachable character, they are entitled to, and we doubt not that they will receive the undivided and unfailing support of the Democracy of the county. If so the election of each and all of them by good old-fashioned Democratic majorities may be set down as a foregone conclusion.

ON Friday last the President issued his proclamation convening the Senate at noon on Monday, the 10th of October, "to receive and act upon such communication as may be made to it on part of the Executive." The overruling purpose in calling the Senate together is, of course, to do what Mr. Arthur himself at the last session, by refusing to vacate the chair, prevented the Senate from doing—that is to say, the election of a President *pro tem* of that body, who, in the event of Mr. Arthur's death, would discharge the duties of President. When the Senate meets the Democrats will be in the majority, owing to the resignations of Conkling and Platt, of New York, and the death of General Burnside, of Rhode Island. It is true that the two New York vacancies have been filled by the election of Miller and Lapham, and the Rhode Island Legislature is to meet to-day (Tuesday) to elect a successor to Burnside. But all this will not change the situation, since the Revised Statutes of the United States provide that "the oath of office shall be administed by the President of the Senate to each Senator who shall be hereafter elected, previous to his taking his seat." So that it will be utterly impossible for three new Senators to participate in the election of a President pro tem. Until a President *pro tem* is elected they could not be sworn in, and, of course, could not vote. The Republican papers are whining terribly over this sad condition of affairs, but as Conkling and Platt brought it about themselves, the Democratic Senators will play the political cards for all that is in them. Senator Bayard will be elected, and the country has nothing to fear from a pure and enlightened public man like him.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S father, Wm. Arthur, was a native of Antrim county, in the north of Ireland. After having received a good education at a college in Belfast, he emigrated to Canada in 1822, and soon after crossed over to Vermont, where he taught school for a number of years, becoming in the meantime a Baptist preacher. His son, now President, was born in Fairfield, Franklin county, Vermont, on the 5th of October, 1830, and is, therefore, almost fifty-one years of age. In this connection it is worthy of remark that President Arthur, the Republican son of an Irish Protestant, took the Presidential oath (we refer, of course, to the first oath on the morning after General Garfield's death) before a Democratic Judge, Jas. R. Bradey, of the Supreme Court of New York, who is the son of an Irish Catholic. The New York *World* hopes that this incident prefigures an era of "good feeling." President Arthur is a widower, his wife having died in the early part of last year, and has two children, one a boy about sixteen years old and the other a daughter about eleven.

A singular and unprecedented event so far as we ever heard, took place two weeks ago in the court room at Plattsburg, N.Y. Henry King, a convict in one of the State prisons, killed a fellow-convict and was tried for murder. The jury were in doubt whether the prisoner's crime was murder in the first or only in the second degree, and came into Court for further instructions. When the foreman of the jury had made this statement, King, the prisoner, rose and delivered the following address:

"Your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury, this was not a murder in the second degree. It was a deliberate and premeditated murder. I know that I have done wrong, that I ought to confess the truth, and that I ought to be hanged. [Here the prisoner's counsel tried in vain to silence him.] No, I have done wrong. It is my duty to confess it, and I cannot help doing so. I cannot keep still. I plead guilty to murder in the first degree. It was fifteen minutes from the time I struck the first blow with the axe until I struck him the second time, and all this time I kept thinking I will finish this man. If this is not premeditated murder, what is it? I have already killed two men. What is my life to me? The life of either of those two men I have killed is worth a dozen of mine."

THE New York *Sun* hastens to say to President Arthur at the threshhold of his administration: "At the very beginning, and in the most friendly spirit, we earnestly exhort Gen. Arthur not to do anything or allow anything to be done that will seem to favor the scheme of making Gen. Grant President of the United States for a third term. There are many things the new President can do with the hearty applause and sympathy of all the people; there is one thing he cannot do without arousing deep, universal, and abiding indignation. No third term?"

## LETTER FROM CRESSON.

CALLAN HOUSE, CRESSON, }
Sept. 21, 1881. }

DEAR MCPIKE—To-day the whole nation stands in silent, unspeakable sorrow. The whole country is clothed in the habiliments of mourning expressive of the nation's woe. The President of fifty millions of people, who was treated with homage by the civilized masses of the entire world, was stricken in the highway of our own capital by the assassin hand of one of our own countrymen. The death of President Garfield is another reminder to the people of the United States of the vanity of human greatness. His fate teaches us the frailty of human ambition.—On the threshold of the second century of American existence, a second Chief Magistrate is added to the martyrology of the country. James A. Garfield, while President of the United States of America, died the victim of an American assassin. For eighty long days the entire American nation earnestly and devoutly prayed that their stricken chief might recover from the assassin's cruel blow, but the Almighty God, in his inscrutable and infinite wisdom, denied the nation's prayer. President Garfield's taking off marks another great epoch in the history of America. Although the country has lost greater heroes and more renowned statesmen than James A. Garfield, yet there will ever cling to the people a sorrowful remembrance of his tragic and cruel death. While this is not the time nor would it be fitting here to attempt an analysis of the dead President's career, it is both timely and fitting to attempt an analysis of the living President who has taken his place.

The report of the United States Senate Committee of Commerce of 1879 puts on record the opinion of Hayes' administration on the performance of Mr Arthur's duties while he was Collector of the Port of New York. The report of that committee showed that the receipts from customs at that port under Mr. Arthur's administration, from 1872 to 1877, had gradually diminished from $148,381,446 to $81,056,968—that the employees of the Custom House were bribe takers and guilty of gross and base irregularities, and that there were persons borne on the pay rolls as laborers, as a reward for political services, who performed no duty except to sign their names to the pay rolls and receive their pay. It was shown that although Mr. Arthur's compensation amounted to over $155,000, he did not attend to the duties of his office, and that the position was a sinecure. It was also shown clearly by leading importers of New York, who pay seventy per centum of the custom duties of the country, that the great office was merely a political machine, and its affairs under Mr. Arthur's administration were administered, not for the benefit of the treasury, but for the benefit and advancement of the faction of which Mr. Arthur was one of the principal leaders. Mr. Arthur's appointment was made, as all of Grant's appointments were made, in strict accordance with the rules of the "spoils system." He was the man to whom Roscoe Conkling relied upon as the captain of the hosts that upheld him in power, and Conkling being Grant's favorite Senator, he appointed to the chief political office of the State of New York the man whom, as before stated, Conkling relied upon as the captain of the hosts that upheld him in power. It was during Mr. Arthur's term of office as Collector of the Port of New York that the infamous moiety laws reached their climax. An informer named Jaynes, who for his share in the proceedings was forever made odious, succeeded by tampering with a confidential clerk in securing what he considered grounds for a claim against the respectable firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co. for $1,750,000. The exposure of the iniquity of this proceeding led to the repeal of the moiety law and to the investigation of the New York Custom House by the Jay commission. Although the actual undervaluation of goods imported by the firm was only a little over six thousand dollars and the loss to the government only $1,664, and although it was shown that so far from there being an intention to defraud the treasury, the firm had in the course of its existence paid $50,000,000 in duties, and frequently overvalued their goods, the firm was vigorously pursued by the Custom House officers under Mr. Arthur, and compelled to pay $271,000. Arthur and Conkling persistently urged the perpetration of the infamy, and half of the sum was divided under the law between Arthur, the informer, the District Attorney and the Surveyor. The testimony showed that the money was actually wrung by threats from the firm named.

Mr. Arthur's appointment as Collector of New York was regarded as a grievous blow to the community. He was Tom Murphy's constant political associate while the Tweed ring was in its glory. The abuses in the New York Custom House under Tom Murphy were so gross, and the outcry against him so great, that that he was actually forced to resign, and when something purer and better was asked for President Grant and Conkling gave the merchants Mr. Arthur.—The New York custom evils, however, continued all the same. Collector Arthur made no attempt to remedy them, and public interest demanded his removal. Secretary of the Treasury, Sherman complained to the President that the gross abuses of the Custom House continued and increased under Arthur's administration. President Hayes, in a letter addressed to the Senate, said: "I regard it as my plain duty to suspend the officers in question, Arthur and Cornell, and to make the nominations now before the Senate in order that the important office may be honestly and efficiently administered."—This began a struggle between Mr. Conkling and the administration which has rarely been equalled for bitterness in the annals of politics in America.

After Mr. Arthur's election to the Vice Presidency he still remained the friend and follower of Mr. Conkling and lent his aid as Vice President in endeavoring to secure again the patronage that had been lost under the Hayes administration. When that effort was unsuccessful, and Mr. Conkling resigned his seat in the Senate, Mr. Arthur followed him to Albany, where he labored for what Mr. Conkling called a "vindication" against the administration, in which Mr. Arthur himself held the second place. When the new administration came into power it was announced that its second officer, who had been put upon the ticket as a concession to the Grant element and in obedience to the wishes of Mr. Conkling, would not be the figure-head that his predecessor had been.—He intended to have something to do in the management of affairs, and it turned out that this something was the machine idea of the functions of government in the appointment of officers. Such is the man who was thought worthy of the high office of Vice President, and who, with all its possibilities, has become President on the death of James A. Garfield. G. N. S.

CHILDREN KILLED BY RATTLESNAKES.—There resides near President, a widow who had three children. A few days ago she was preparing dinner and had the youngest child with her in the house. The other two children were sent by her to hunt some eggs. They were both young, and going out of the house they saw a hollow log in the yard. One of them put in its little hand to see if there were any eggs, but quickly pulled it out, saying a 'chicken had bitten her. The other inserted his hand and pulled it out with a scream. A rattlesnake had bitten them both. The scream of the second child brought out the mother, and lifting a kettle of boiling potatoes from the stove so they would not burn, she started out. She had just got outside the door when she was recalled to the house by the agonizing cries of the baby, who had crawled across the floor and upset the boiling water over himself. She was almost dishartened and did not know what to do. Help soon arrived and everything that could be done was done for the three little sufferers, but nothing did any good. They all rapidly grew worse, and within a day all three died and were buried in the same grave. The name we did not learn, but we are assured that the above are the facts.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A LEADING PROFESSOR SPEAKING OF SENSIBLE PEOPLE.—Dr. S——, the prominent Eastern Medical lecturer, says: "Every day people come to me complaining of their health being broken down. The answer to my inquiries always are—what I surmise—nature's laws have been totally disregarded; consequently the blood, the stream of life, becomes contaminated—and as a result of this blood poisoning I find dyspepsia and disordered functions of the heart, liver, lungs accompanied by headache, nervous debility, and other impaired organic portions, often verging on paralysis. In order to keep the digestive organs in proper health and strength I and my friends in profession have recommended Brown's Iron Bitters—they act so mildly and soothingly, never leaving any unpleasant after-effects, strengthening the organs of digestion, and permantly removing every symptom of ill health, languor, and debility. No remedy in the East gives such good satisfaction as Brown's Iron Bitters, and all druggists can procure it for you. Don't be persuaded to use a substitute. This remedy contains no alcohol and is the only preparation of Iron that does not blacken the teeth.—*Sun.*

THE Easton *Free Press* says if Wolfe can convince the people that Quay so manipulated the convention as to make it a virtual indorsement of the Pardon Board in opening the jail to Kemble and Petroff he will get a following at once.

## OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

HONORING THE DEAD—PHILADELPHIA IN SABLE GARB—MOURNFUL SERVICES IN THE CHURCHES—THE POOR SPEAK AS LOUDLY AS THE RICH.

[Special Correspondence of the FREEMAN.]

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 26, 1881.

DEAR MCPIKE—As one of the butterflies on the wing—one of the votaries of fashion—I lingered in the mountains of Cambria as long as it was fashionable to remain, and returned to this city on Saturday last, to find death's drapery floating in the breeze from tens of thousands of Philadelphia buildings, testifying mutely to the vastness of the people's respect for President Garfield's memory. On the business streets running north and south from Market street numberless insignia of grief are displayed, some of which are of an exceedingly elaborate character.—Indeed sombre tokens are manifested everywhere in the extreme. A large number of the public and private buildings had monograms of the deceased President made of immortelles of white satin ribbons. Almost every building in the city exhibited its token of grief. In the regions of the city where the working people have their abodes, it seemed as if a personal bereavement had come into every house, so general were the tokens of sorrow in the poorer section of the city. Indeed, if signs of grief were anywhere conspicuous by their absence, it was in aristocratic quarters. Everywhere in the poorer portions of the city, if but a five cent flag with its bit of crape, a yard of ten cent alpacha stretched across the window sill or over the portals of the door, or a few strings of black fluttering outside the bowed shutters, emblems of mourning could be seen.—These lowly tokens of the poor spoke as loudly as the rich trappings of magnificent establishments in the business quarters, and conveyed a mute reproach to the wealthy citizens who neglected to publicly evidence their share of public sorrow.

Yesterday (Sunday) congregations holding widely diverged theological views sunk for a time their differences of creed, and united together in bowing in reverend submission to the Divine will, and mingled in prayer for the deliverence of the nation from its prospective troubles and trials. A cloud of sorrow rested upon all the churches of the city, and in every sacred edifice appropriate references were made to the loss which the nation has sustained. In some temples the services were of a memorial nature, while in others the preachers were content to make but brief allusions to the sad event, reserving for to-day a more elaborate remembrance.

To-day everywhere the outward signs of inward grief are painfully apparent. All the street car lines of the city are exhibiting insignias of mourning upon their cars.—From the Delaware to Haddington and from League Island to Frankford are seen the signs of a nation's sorrow. Even the newly arriving vessels from the moment that land is sighted and learn the story of the country's bereavement, show their mourning signals, and thousands of flags float at half mast on both sides of the Delaware river. The disaster which culminated on the 19th instant, was not simply personal to the President and his family and relatives, but a Providential visitation upon the whole body of the American people. The dead President whom we mourn stood as the representative of the whole Republic. Public opinion recognizes the call of the proclamation making this day a season of humiliation, fasting and prayer. At the first shock of the great affliction the sons of men stood dumb, and many were disposed to murmer because the long and fervent petition of the nation for the recovery of the President was not granted, but these murmurers have given way to a wiser second thought of that serene and submissive faith which sees in every event of life the hand of One who doeth all things well. A mournful tolling is issuing from every belfry as I write. The day is marked by a complete cessation of worldly affairs.—An impressive gloom permeates the whole city to-day, and it is presumed that far away to the west the solemn rites of the church are being performed over the mortal remains of the late President.

It is now imperative on the part of the Democrats, there being neither Vice President nor President pro tem, nor Secretary of the Senate to swear in new Senators, to organize the Senate and elect a President pro tempore. Would to Heaven the Presidency of the Senate may fall into no more unworthy hands than those of Senator Bayard's.—If Senator Bayard is elected, the line of the Presidency will be secure enough to suit the American people. G. N. S.

TRAIN-ROBBING being fully as romantic and adventurous as Indian-fighting, and considerably more profitable in a pecuniary point of view, it is not to be wondered at that the callow mind, stirred to enthusiasm by much reading of dime novels and story papers, should at length turn to this branch of industry as offering a fitting field for the satisfaction of its aspirations for enterprise out of the common run. So much has been said about the James "boys" and the Younger "boys" in this connection, and the world has so rung with their successful exploits in boarding railway trains and "going through" the passengers, that it was to be expected that a spirit of emulation might eventually be aroused among the youth of the country; or at least a portion of them. The "boys" referred to are probably more than twenty-five years old, but everybody is not aware of this. We are now told that a trio of beardless desperadoes waylaid a train of the Iron Mountains and Southern Railroad at an early hour of Thursday night, and made a most successful plunder, getting between $40,000 and $50,000.

A notable circumstance about all or nearly all of these train robberies is that none of the marauders ever get shot. Engineers, conductors, brakeman and passengers usually "throw up their hands" with surprising unanimity and submit to what they apparently consider the inevitable. In this last case there was a show of only three pistols, but they were in the hands of the three children who stopped the train and went for the cash and watches of its inmates. There ought to be a new leaf turned over in this matter. The non-resistant policy has been tried sufficiently to show that it will not answer. If the raids of highwayman upon travellers by rail cannot be stopped in any other way a battery of artillery ought to accompany every train, ready to open fire at a moment's notice. If a few examples were made of this particular class of miscreants their number and audacity would begin to diminish.—*Philadelphia Record.*

AN ITEM FOR THE SUPERSTITIOUS.—A great deal has been said of the late President's superstitious feeling in regard to the number 42, and how he was always figuring out dates, etc., so as to sum up or make up that number. Here is a curious coincidence, which perhaps no one has noticed, discovered by an employe of the *Press* office.

James A. Garfield was:

| | |
|---|---|
| Born, November | 19 |
| Elected, November | 2 |
| Shot, July | 2 |
| Died, September | 19 |
| | 42 |

It will also be noticed that there are two 19's and two 2's in this series of dates.—*Patterson (N. J.) Press.*

THE PROPER GRAPE FOR MEDICINAL WINE.—Physicians from the New York Board of Health have visited the Vineyards and Wine Cellars of Alfred Speer, of New Jersey, only twelve miles from New York city, one of the most extensive growers of the Portugal grapes, from which is made the best Medicinal wine in the United States. This wine is known as Speer's Port Grape Wine, which took the highest premium at the Centennial. It is extensively prescribed by physicians as the best and most realiable wine to be had for medicinal purposes; especially beneficial for females, weakly persons and the aged. For sale at E. James' new drug store, Ebensburg. [9-23.-2t.]

MAYOR HOWARD, of Altoona, returned on Sunday from a visit to the national capital, where, among other curious things, as we learn from the Altoona *Sun*, he saw a man who, without any apparent cause, became bald in a single day. This was John Bligh, who is employed at the restaurant of P. Moore, 604 Pennsylvania avenue. He was born in 1836, and on the 10th of July, 1867, at the age of 11 years, in a single day he became perfectly bald, with the exception of two tufts of jet-black hair resembling horns, on either side of his head, giving him a curious appearance. He never had any sickness or scalp disease to produce this loss of his bitsute ornamentation.

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM DRUGGISTS.—"We know the value of malt, hops, calisays and iron composing "Malt Bitters."
"Our lady customers highly praise them."
"Physicians prescribe them in this town."
"The largest bottle and best medicine."
"Best blood purifier on our shelves."
"Our best people take Malt Bitters."
"Sure cure for chills and liver diseases."

THE boiler of a sawmill near Traskwood, Arkansas, exploded last Saturday, killing three men and injuring several others.

MANALIN regulates the bowels and liver. For sale at the new drug store, Ebensburg.

## NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A fire at Collingwood, Ontario, on Sunday night, destroyed $200,000 of property.

—Hon. Jeremiah Black made a misstep on Thursday and fractured his right arm.

—Wolfe is 36 years old, and the young Republicans are growing enthusiastic over him.

—New York has had three Presidents, but of the number only Van Buren was elected to the office.

—The Younger brothers have gained a good deal of notoriety as train robbers, but the last reported gang was younger still.

—Stephen Andrews, aged 84 years, died near Hughesville, Lycoming county, on Wednesday. He was insured on the speculative plan for $80,000.

—President Garfield is the third to die of the fifteen members of the Electoral Commission. Senator O. P. Morton was the first and Justice Clifford the second.

—John Gyumber, the famous sleeping Hungarian, is now living with Frank Luskoski, an upholsterer in Allentown, and frequently assists the latter with his work.

—Thomas M. Bowen, one of Colorado's new millionaires, recently sent the Denver Mint two enormous chunks of gold. The heavier is worth $18,000; the other, $12,000.

—A bar of white-hot steel coming through the rolls twisted itself around the leg of Wm. Arnsbruch, in Pittsburg, on Thursday, and amputated the limb in an instant by burning.

—John Daily, a Boston laborer, in a fit of jealously knocked his wife down, jumped upon her stomach—she being in a delicate condition—and then cut her throat with a razor.

—Charles Deter walked five miles for the purpose of killing his wife, at Yorktown, Ind. Finding her with some visitors, whom he was too polite to disturb, he committed suicide instead.

—A man has turned up in Troy, N. Y., who claims to be the father of forty-four children and to have had eight wives. His name is Justin Pasco, and he avers that he is 99 years of age.

—Dr. Thomas M. Cream, a notorious abortionist of Chicago, on trial at Belvidere, Ill., for the murder of Daniel Scott, was on Saturday convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

—At Brockton, Mass., on Friday night, burglars robbed St. Patrick's Catholic church of the sacred vessels and funds in the alms box, the total value amounting to several hundred dollars.

—A rattlesnake having nineteen perfect rattles was killed by a miller near Raleigh recently, one measuring six inches across the back was killed by Dr. T. G. Jenkins of Camden, Ala.

—Thomas Marsh, of Gloucester City, N. J., after bidding his little daughter good-by on Saturday evening, waded into the river and deliberately drowned himself. He was forty-five years of age.

—James Williams, aged 21 years, an employe at the Kingston mines, Wilkesbarre, Pa., fell down the air shaft on Saturday afternoon, a distance of five hundred feet. His body was horribly mangled.

—Scarcely has the warm breath of Summer died away, when Coughs and Colds, those avant couriers of dangerous disease, show themselves. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup always cures them, and most quickly too.

—Mrs. Maxcy, of Pace Bend, Texas, is 111 years of age, has been married four times, had fourteen children, and survives all of them but two. She can see better than she could twenty years ago. She waits upon herself, and is still in health.

—Governor Gear, of Iowa, prepared his proclamation announcing the President's death as long ago as July 5. He kept the proclamation in his desk, and on Tuesday of last week sent it out with the July date affixed.

—Dr. Richard Alten, who claimed that he invented the telegraph, died at Freeport, in this State, a few days ago. He says that but for his poverty he would have introduced the telegraph to the world before Morse. He leaves a smart fortune.

—The largest steam hammer probably in the world has been put into operation at the Black Diamond steel works, Pittsburg. It will be used for the purpose of turning out all kinds of large steel shafting, particularly such as are used on steamboats.

—A messenger was sent from Muskegon to a Michigan lumber camp to inform a man of the death of his child; but he used the money given him in getting drunk, and did not perform the errand. He never got sober, for lumbermen hanged him before he had time.

—The boiler of a steam threshing-machine, at work on George Caldwell's farm, in Thurlow, Ont., exploded on Friday evening, killing Mr. Malcom, Mr. Anson, Miss Viola Caldwell and Andrew Lloyd, and seriously injuring Mr. Caldwell, H. Garvin and Chas. Gerkin.

—Ham White *alias* Banter, who has perpetrated some of the boldest stage robberies on record in Arkansas, Texas, and Colorado, was on Saturday at Pueblo, Col., sentenced to life imprisonment. His last exploit was a single-handed robbery of a stage coach and its twelve male occupants near Alamosa, Col.

—Frank Dodson and Ellen Bailey, a runaway couple, while being pursued through Erie, Pa., on Friday by the bride's father, married themselves on a street by calling witnesses to hear their mutual agreement to take each other as husband and wife. A magistrate elected on the old man's appeal that the marriage was lawful.

—John Monroe packed his household effects in a wagon, and started from Illinois for Missouri. His wife accompanied him, and there was scant room for two in the vehicle. When she fell ill on the way and required space to lie down in, John was puzzled what to do. He promptly laid her by the roadside and went on. She died there alone.

—The committee in charge of the proposed monument to be erected over the grave of President Garfield have issued a call to the people of the United States, asking for popular subscriptions to the fund, and requesting newspaper publishers, postmasters and banks to receive and forward to the Second National Bank at Cleveland contributions for that purpose.

—An accident happened to a construction train on one of the new Wabash narrow guage connections in Greenbriar township, Green county, Iowa, on Monday. The train consisted of a locomotive, six flat cars and a caboose, and was carrying a construction party to work on the line. All the cars left the rails and the caboose was badly mashed. Three men were killed out-right and thirty more or less injured.

—Several years ago Fred Kastorff fled from Byron, Wis., in consequence of having committed a crime, and after a time all search for him was abandoned. But he could not be happy away from home and relatives, and not long ago put some poison into his pocket and returned. The drug was to be used in case the law officers molested him, and he promptly killed himself with it on being arrested.

—A fearful tornado passed over Quincy, Ill., at 5 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Many buildings were demolished, unroofed or otherwise damaged, and many persons were injured. Four persons were killed and thirteen wounded, so far as known. The track of the hurricane was two miles wide. The financial loss will not be less than $100,000. The wind was accompanied by terrific rain, thunder, lightning and hail.

—When the President was battling for life, says the New York *Sun*, millions of prayers for his recovery were daily sent up, and now that he is dead, instead of distrusting the efficacy of prayer, we find that, even more than before, faith in prayer, in God, is strong among the people. Nothing can destroy the religious sentiments in man. No successful assault can ever be made on the fundamental principles of Christianity.

—Simon Yetts, probably the oldest man in Cumberland county, was buried at Mount Holly Springs on Thursday. He was 98 years old and came of a family which for longevity is very remarkable. He has surviving him a brother who is 85, one sister 83 and another 78. One brother died at 80, another at 75 and one at 71. A sister died at the age of 91 and another at 84. He was thrice married and his third wife survives him.

—Condolences from all parts of the world and from all manner of persons continue to pour in. The Archbishop of Canterbury joins hands with Pope Leo, and the Sultan unites in a sympathetic message with the Russian Czar, while the surviving veterans of Trafalgar and Waterloo echo the kindly wishes of the President of the third French republic. Americans must feel that they never realized before how many friends they have.

—Rev. Dr. John McCaffrey, one of the most noted divines in the Catholic Church, died at Emmittsburg, on Monday last, aged about 78 years. Dr. McCaffrey was born in Emmittsburg and educated at St. Mary's College, of which he was afterward President for thirty years. He declinded the Bishopric of South Carolina many years ago, preferring to maintain his connection with the College, which always prospered under his charge.

—For the sixth time in the history of the nation, the President of the United States is without a wife to adorn the White House. Jefferson was a widower, Mrs. Andrew Jackson died just before her husband was inaugurated, Martin Van Buren was a widower, John Tyler was a widower, for about two years during his term of office, and James Buchanan was a bachelor. Now comes Chester A. Arthur, whose wife has been dead over a year.

—A locomotive, hauling a freight train between Chetapa and Parsons, Kansas, on the Missouri Pacific road, exploded on Wednesday with great force, killing four men and wrecking the engine and ten or a dozen cars. The men killed were George D. Adams, the engineer; Simon Bailey, the fireman; John Denny, of the St. Louis and San Francisco Road, and a stranger named O'Neill, all of whom were in the cab at the time and were blown from 100 to 200 yards distant and terribly mangled.

—While John Werner was cutting corn, near Orwigsburg, Pa., he was horrified to see a large snake coiled around the body of his little child who was sitting on the grass. The child did not seem to be frightened, but patted the head of the snake as it lay in its lap. As Mr. Werner came up the snake became alarmed and crawled away. It was pursued and killed, when it was found to measure over three feet in length. It was of a dark brown color, and had a head as broad as a man's hand.

—A Pittsburg *Chronicle* special from Beaver Falls, Pa., says the train containing the journalists going to the President's funeral at Cleveland, *via* the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie Railroad, ran into a hand car on the Beaver Run bridge, about 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, killing four men outright and injuring two others, one of whom has since died. One man jumped down sixty feet and saved his life. The men were carpenters, working on the railroad bridge at Beaver Falls, on their way to work.

—District Attorney Corkhill on Monday informed Guiteau that his case would be laid before the grand jury next week, and that the indictment would probably follow. Colonel Corkhill offered to telegraph to any counsel Guiteau might desire, and the offer being accepted, he telegraphed later in the day for the prisoner to the latter's brother-in-law, George M. Scoville, of Chicago, requesting the gentleman to defend the case. Guiteau requested Scoville to secure some other lawyer to assist him, and suggested Emory Storrs as the person.

—Intelligence received from the Warner Observatory, Rochester, N. Y., announces the discovery of a new comet located in the constellation of Virgo. It is a striking coincidence that this new and bright comet appeared at the same hour President Garfield was breathing his last. It was first seen by E. E. Barnard in Nashville, Tenn., who has made claim through Prof. Swift for the Warner prize of $200 in gold. This makes the fifth comet seen since May first, and of this number four have appeared from almost the same spot in the heavens.

—When the extra session of the Senate convenes, if all the members are present, there will be in attendance 37 Democrats, 34 Republicans, 1 Independent and 1 Republicanist. It seems to be clear that the President pro tem. of the Senate must be elected before the Senators from New York and Rhode Island can be admitted, and the indications are that Senator Bayard, of Delaware will be chosen. After the vacancies are filled there will be an equal number of Republicans and Democrats, and Messrs. Davis and Mahone will hold the balance of power.

—A special of the 23d from Newport, Ark., says: The passenger train on the Iron Mountain road was robbed last night by five masked men (another account says three), who halted and boarded the train, and forced the express messenger to open the safe and then proceeded to rob the passengers. Eighteen thousand dollars was obtained from the safe. It is claimed that between $40,000 and $50,000 will not fall short of the total loss. A cotton dealer, named J. S. Atkinson, lost $2,500. The robbers are said to be mere boys, and it is believed they will be captured shortly.

—Recently we published a statement, says the La Crosse (Wis.) *Chronicle*, about corn stalks eleven feet high or so. This was not done without misgiving, because we knew the honest grangers of La Crosse county would hop on that story with a cornstalk vastly larger. Yesterday our fears were realized when a prominent legal gentleman of La Crosse stalked into our counting room with one trailing along behind him over thirteen feet in length. This stalk was accompanied by an ear of corn over a foot long, containing 936 grains, with a few little gnarly grains to spare. This gigantic corn was planted May 15th, and on June 1st was only four inches high and not very promising.

—At Harding's coal mine, near West Belleville, Mo., Friday afternoon, Maggie, an adopted daughter of John Holmes, aged fourteen years, and Dickey Holmes, his son, aged five, went about to gather coal. The boy went upon what is called a slack pile, which is generally slate smoldering. He had reached about the middle of the heap when the smoldering mass caused a flame, enveloping the boy in its fiery mass. Maggie, his foster sister, jumped in after him with a view to save the boy. She got him out, but not before his little body was burned almost to a crisp. But her own clothing caught fire and she was frightfully burned. Her cries brought the miners to her assistance. The boy died last night and it is believed the girl cannot live.

—Mother Felicita Bonte, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Chicago, died on Friday night at the Nazareth House, aged seventy-three years. This lady has been identified for nearly half a century with every charitable enterprise in Chicago looking to the care and maintenance of destitute children by the Catholic church. Born in Lyons, France, she joined the Order of St. Joseph while young; and after spending a short time in the Convent of the Sisterhood at Bordeaux, she was one of the original colony sent out in 1836 to make a foundation of the order in the United States. That foundation was made in St. Louis, just next to the old cathedral church on Walnut street between Second and Third streets. She was stationed in Carondelet for a year or two, and was then for twenty-four years Superioress of the asylum in St. Louis.

—It is not generally known, but it certainly should be, that the Pennsylvania Railroad company, which rendered such signal service to President Garfield, did so purely as a labor of that same love we all felt toward the suffering President. No charge is to be made by the company for the car that was constructed especially for the removal of the President or for the engine, train and hands employed or for the losses entailed by the suspension of business over the road traveled by the President's train. The company regarded the President's removal as a matter of national importance. Vice President Cassatt, who had entire supervision of the journey so far as the railroad was concerned, took as deep a personal interest in the affair as if the life of a member of his own family depended upon it, and this feeling was fully shared by the whole company, from President Roberts down.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 2, 1880.—I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them confer upon them the highest encomiums, and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them since they were first offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness, I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never before done with any other patent medicine. J. J. BABCOCK, M. D.

IN front of Colonel Thomas Mead's house in Greenwich, Conn., stands a sycamore, or ballwood tree, which is 171 years old, having been planted in 1710. It is about 150 feet high, and fifteen feet from the ground its circumference is twenty-eight feet, and its diameter nine feet. A hole in the trunk, which is now no bigger than a man's hand, was not many years ago large enough for a man to crawl into, and was once used by children as a playhouse. As the tree has grown of late years, the aperture has gradually closed.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.—Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself from every

# Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - SEPT. 30, 1881.


## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

**Here. There and the Other Place.**

—The Greenbackers of Huntingdon have nominated a full county ticket.

—The fall and winter session of the Ebensburg schools will begin next Monday.

—For kidney and pelvic difficulties take Maclin. At new drug store, Ebensburg.

—What Kennedy bring forth was pretty effectually answered at the late Democratic primary election.

—Moran in the race last Saturday than ever even the first heat. And yet nobody Wonders thereat.

—"Lindsey's Blood Searcher"—the great medicine for fever and ague, malaria, and all blood poison. Don't fail to use it.

—If we don't Heist the Republicans out of their boots at the coming election it won't be for want of an energetic chairman.

—Everybody is using Brown's Iron Bitters, and everybody is astonished at its many marvellous cures where all others have failed.

—A Garfield Memorial Association has been organized in Hollidaysburg with Thos. Maloy as President and Samuel Booth as Secretary.

—It is simply marvellous how quickly constipation, billousness, sick headache, fever and ague, and malaria, are cured by "Selzer's Liver Pills."

—Fighting fire kept Messrs. Joseph Noel, Richard Owens and a number of other Cambria township farmers on the *qui vive*, if you know what that is, for several days past.

—Unhealthy or inactive kidneys cause gravel, Bright's disease, rheumatism, and a horde of other serious and fatal diseases which can be prevented with Hop Bitters, if taken in time.

—Over fifteen hundred bushels is the size of the potato output on the poor house farm this season. Steward Lilly is evidently a daisy of a farmer. Put 8 o's to his credit fifteen hundred times.

—A horse belonging to Mr. Justus Apel, of Carroll township, was shot and killed near his barn on Wednesday last. Who did it and whether it was intentional or accidental we failed to learn.

—Brush fires have been raging somewhat extensively in Northern Cambria of late, doing considerable damage. Our friend D. A. Luther, of Carroll township, is said to be one of the heaviest losers.

—The Republicans will elect delegates tomorrow to their county convention, which is to meet in this place on Monday next and ratify a ticket which for the most part is already made up, or supposed to be.

—For indulging in a fisticuff Tuesday afternoon, two parties were introduced to the profession at notice of Burgess Humphrey and fined $2 each and costs. Both are non-residents of Ebensburg.

—We are requested to say that there will be no services in the Christian church on next Sunday evening, as the pastor, Rev. A. S. Morrison, designs to preach in the Congregational church on that occasion.

—Letters remaining uncalled for in the Ebensburg post-office, Richard B. Davis, M. M. Donmyer, Mrs. Hattie E. Eckman, F. R. Fickes, M. D., John Hendrickson, John McCormick, Miss Jennie Phillips, Evan Roberts.

—Dr. John Lowman, of Johnstown, sold a blooded horse to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Esq., for the sum of $300. The animal was on Tuesday taken through Ebensburg to Cresson, where Mr. Carnegie is at present staying.

—Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no distress. These are conditions which are all certain by the use of Sanford's Radical Cure. Complete treatment only $1.

—Do you suffer from sick or nervous headache, neuralgia or sleeplessness? If so, do delay, trusting that in time nature will cure you, but go at once to E. James, druggist, Ebensburg, Pa., for Dr. Fahnestock's German Cure. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

—Postmaster James didn't fall down and bump on his right thumb, but he did run it up against the chime of a bucket filled with ice the other day, and knocked the nail off about as clean as a whistle. Since then he don't go in for a second David so far as fooling is concerned.

—What are known as the Ebensburg Mechanical Works were sold at public sale Tuesday afternoon. Alvin Evans, Esq., as attorney for the heirs of Thomas J. Lloyd, deceased, became the purchaser, the sum being $9,000, which is probably less than one-fourth its actual value.

—Miss Henrietta D. Fields, of Wilmington, Delaware, aged thirty years, a sister of Dr. A. P. Fields, formerly of this place and who now resides in Chester, Delaware county this State, was struck by an express train and instantly killed at Thurlow station, near Chester, on Sunday last.

—Mr. Michael Gibbony, an aged and respected citizen of Cambria township, died on Sunday last. He was about seventy-five years of age and was a good, honest man and a pure christian. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery on Tuesday morning. May he rest in peace.

—Hon. John Dean received 534 votes for President Judge at the primary election last Saturday, and it wasn't a very good day for voting for anybody but a Democrat either. Not being accounted a candidate on that basis, the county committee didn't count his vote in the account they gave of their stewardship.

—Anybody who wants to hang Guiteau in effigy would probably have little difficulty in negotiating with Postmaster James for a suitable suit of clothing. At least we so opine from the fact that the aforesaid gentleman received a new suit of clothing by express and expressly for him self on Wednesday last.

—We are informed by Mr. A. D. Criste that he is meeting with the most gratifying success in soliciting subscriptions for "Gaskill's Compendium," for which he is the authorized traveling agent in this county. Those who can afford it ought not to let the opportunity they now have to pass without embracing it.

—The beauty of the work done at the new Court House and Presbyterian church up to date is only equalled by the exemplary conduct of the men employed in their construction. Every one of them, so far as we are aware, have conducted themselves with the becoming propriety, thereby winning the commendation of all our people.

—It was noticed that the hearse which conveyed the mortal remains of Mrs. Eliza Mc-Dowell to Loretto to-day (Thursday) was as a specimen of funeral architecture as has ever been seen in Ebensburg. The entire structure was built by Mr. Robert Evans, of West Ward, whose good taste and expert workmanship were admired by hundreds of observers.

—Brother Shrom, of the Newport *Ledger*, passed his 41st Wednesday of this week as long as he had been married in a lively battle with malaria, which has been going on him more earnestly than agreeably for the past two weeks. He came here to recuperate, if possible, and proposes to remain with us to-morrow, (Saturday,) morning.—May his fondest hopes be fully realized.

—Owing to the long-continued dry weather, Ebensburg is encircled by a system of forest fires which is doing much damage to the growing trees and fences, though so far as we have learned no houses or barns are endangered in this immediate neighborhood. Monday evening the atmosphere was enveloped by so much smoke that a man who has the asthma wondered why he didn't live somewhere else.

—Michael Quartz, Charles O'Donnell and E. J. Ihey, went westward yesterday morning bound for Strongstown, Indiana county, to see Wike and go hunting for squirrels. Mr. Ihey's feet being sore after his wild and unsuccessful hunt for the office of County Auditor, it was wisely determined by the trio that they wouldn't walk, and so they hired a carriage and paid a half dollar extra to have reliable horses attached to it.

—On Friday last George Ambrose, brother of Dr. Ambrose, of Ligonier, made three separate efforts to end life's sad fever. He first threw himself into a stream, which, however, was too shallow for his purpose. He then cut an artery in his arm, hoping to bleed to death, but medical attendance frustrated that attempt. He then stabbed himself badly in the abdomen, and at last accounts there were slight hopes of his recovery.

—The sprightly local editor of the Johnstown *Tribune*, C. W. Easly, Esq., will no doubt be overwhelmed with congratulations from his brethern of the press on the nomination for Coroner almost unanimously conferred upon him at the recent Democratic primary election. For our part we trust he may be triumphantly elected and that it may never become his duty to sit down any more of his own body than he now carries.

—The Altoona *Sun* of Monday says: John Casey, the old gentleman who had been run over with "death rattle insurance," died this forenoon between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock. He was about 70 years old. Two of our citizens hold $5,000 each on his life; a certain doctor $2,000, and how much more by other parties the public only knows. He went rapidly the way of all flesh when he fell into the hands of the sharks.

—The Orbisonia, Huntingdon county, *Leader* has gone where the woodbine twineth, and has been succeeded by the Orbisonia *Dispatch*, under the proprietorship of Messrs. Stackpole & Ripple, with Mr. Stackpole as editor. We congratulate Mr. S. upon his new departure, and as he thoroughly understands the newspaper business, we feel very confident he will publish a journal in every way deserving a most liberal and extended patronage.

—A man named O. D. Brubaker was brought to jail on Tuesday night from Johnstown, charged by John E. Jones with having, on September 23d, broken open his trunk and taking there from a silver watch and five dollars in paper money. The watch was found upon Brubaker's person when he was arrested and the money had been invested by him in a clothing store. His prospects at the December Session are anything but flattering.

—A mush-and-milk festival in behalf of the Presbyterian church of this place was held in Mr. Carl Rivinius' property, formerly known as the Freidhoff place, High street, last Wednesday evening. It was gotten up by the youngsters of the congregation, and we are glad to know that their united efforts succeeded in rolling up about forty dollars as the result of a couple of days' consultation. A similar festival is talked of for next Monday, at the same place.

—"Guaranteed to cure," is the inducement offered to you to call at James' new Drug Store, Ebensburg Pa., and buy a bottle of Dr. Faust's German Cough Syrup. It is based upon chemical laws, and is prepared with the most scrupulous care. This medicine is warranted to cure consumption, coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and all pulmonary diseases. Remember an ordinary cough leads to consumption if allowed to continue without relief. Price, 25c., 50c. and $1 a bottle. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

—A dispatch was received here by Sheriff Griffith on Monday which conveyed the news that three persons had been arrested in Du Bois, Clearfield county, the day previous, on suspicion of having been connected with the attempted assassination of young Myers at South Fork two weeks ago. A Deputy Sheriff went to Du Bois Tuesday, and in case he found the three men to be the persons wanted he proposed to bring them to this place this (Thursday) evening. A reward of $600 is offered for the apprehension of the Assassins—a sum big enough to bring the right answer at the right time.

—The Altoona *Sun* says that Jacob Guyer, of North Woodbury township, that county, was nearly disemboweled by a harrow last Saturday. He had finished preparing the ground for seeding, when he raised the harrow up on its edge, and started the horses. In passing along the harrow struck a post and fell down, one of the teeth catching Mr. Guyer, and tearing a line almost across his abdomen and then downward into the membrane of the bowels, in the shape of the letter T., the flaps hanging down and exposing the greater portion of the membranous lining. A physician sewed up the wound, and Mr. Guyer is doing right well.

—Our friend and patron, Mr. W. G. Krise, of Dean township, who was in town on Monday, fully confirms the story which recently appeared in the Carrolltown *News* about silver ore having been found in paying quantities on his farm. He further assures us that the parties who found them are, for the number, a majority of whom were from Philadelphia, have offered him forty thousand dollars on behalf of themselves and others for the right to mine gold, silver and lead on his premises. The same parties, he assures us, have leased the mineral right of a farm adjoining his own for a long term of years. We await further developments with something akin to curiosity.

—There are twenty prisoners in our county jail. Of these are several parties charged with shooting with intent to kill. Philip Jones is one of them, an account of whose unfortunate performances is elsewhere related in these columns; Aleck Frost, who shot and otherwise violently disported himself in Summerhill; Samuel Hale, of Johnstown, who plastered a Swede named John Johnston, with some lead, and a couple of others whose names escape us. It is worthy of remark that nobody was killed, though the intentions of the manipulators of the trigger were thought to have been good. The query arises: Has the shooting of President Garfield become epidemic.

—Work on the new Court House is progressing rapidly, and it is gratifying to know that what is being done is being well done. The material for the cornice and roofing comes from the "Philadelphia Cornice and Roofing Works," Canal street, below Germantown avenue, Philadelphia, and the proper adjustment of the material, which is galvanized iron, is superintended by Mr. John F. McManus. Some doubts have been expressed as to the durability of this metal, but we are assured by persons of precautions being taken, till the crack of the doom. A force of plasterers, a majority of them from Erie, arrived in town on Tuesday. They have a couple of months' work ahead of them, as has Mr. McManus' force, and the prospect of seeing the Court House ready for occupancy next December becomes slim to the point of extinction.

—On last Friday morning, as we learn from the Johnstown *Tribune*, a young girl named Mary Martin, daughter of Thomas Martin, residing in Prospect borough, met with a shocking and instant death on the railroad track while on her way to the factory where she was an employee. At the time of the tragedy an older sister and another young lady, both of whom also worked in the mill, were along with her. They intended crossing the track just opposite the main entrance to the building. Mary was walking on the ties, while the other two went along the path on the right of the road. The engineer of the express train then going east, the same course the girls were traveling, seeing the danger, sounded the usual warning, but the girl unfortunately did not get out of the way soon enough, and was struck by the pilot of the locomotive and her body thrown against the bank. When her companions reached her there was no sign of life in her bruised and mangled body. She was a great favorite with all the hands in the factory; and her tragic death is much deplored by every one who knew her.

### A Serious Shooting Affair.

Mr. Elias Edwards, a farmer who lives in Blacklick township, about seven miles northwest of Ebensburg, was shot and dangerously wounded last Friday night under the following alleged circumstances: Mr. Philip J. Jones is a neighbor of his, and between Jones and Edwards has existed a feud of several years' growth and development. Mr. Jones' farm has private road, for Jones' own benefit, though the road has occasionally been used as a public thoroughfare. Some weeks since Jones put up written notices warning all who could read, that no trespassing on the road would be permitted. Edwards tore these notices down as the narrative runs, and they were as often replaced by Jones. Mr. Jones was sitting in his house Friday night, an hour or two after the sun had set, when he was notified by his watch-dog of something going wrong on the premises. He grasped his gun (a shot gun,) sallied forth, discovered Edwards on his grounds, was convinced he was on some evil errand, drew up the gun, fired, and Edwards fell to the ground with about forty-two shots in him. Two of the shots penetrated his lungs, and for a time it was thought extremely doubtful whether he would recover, but our latest advices assure us that he is out of danger.

Saturday morning Mr. Jones surrendered himself into the hands of Constable Rowland, of Blacklick township, and by that officer was lodged in jail the same day. He admitted the shooting, and the foregoing substantially embodies his own statement of the facts connected with the deplorable affair. Mr. Edwards' statement, when he shall have recovered strength to make it, may and doubtless will differ from Jones', and we may be able to present his side of the case to our readers next week.

Jones, as we have noted, voluntarily gave himself into custody of the law, but on Tuesday he was taken before Squire Jones, of the East ward, and a formal charge was then and there preferred against him by a brother of Mr. Edwards. After which, he went back to jail.

Dr. Griffith is Edwards' physician. Dr. John Lowman, of Johnstown, was called in as consulting physician on Monday.

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MR. SAMUEL MCKENZIE, of Cumberland, Md., writes: "I am 86 years of age. About four years ago I began to go into decline. I suffered from dyspepsia, stone in the bladder, weak lungs and general nervous debility, and nothing I tried did me any good until I used Brown's Iron Bitters. This remedy has again made me robust and strong, and I feel all the fire and activity of youth in my veins."

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A SMOOTH COMPLEXION can be had by every lady who will use Parker's Ginger Tonic. Regulating the internal organs and purifying the blood it quickly removes pimples and gives a healthy bloom to the cheek. See notice.

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IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.—Special inducements are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay you to read their advertisement, to be found elsewhere in this issue. [8-18.-10m.]

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HEADACHE cured for 25 cts. by DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA PILLS. [9-21.-1m.]

## CATHOLIC CONDOLENCE.

### WHAT THE CONGREGATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY NAME THINKS OF THE GREAT CRIME OF THE AGE.

At a meeting of the members of the congregation of the Church of the Holy Name, Ebensburg, held immediately after Mass on Sunday last, the Blessed Sacrament having previously been removed from the tabernacle, Rev. Father Reardon in a few well chosen words stated the object in view when he requested the congregation, as he did before retiring from the altar at the conclusion of Mass, to remain in the church. At the suggestion of the same Rev. gentleman, John E. Scanlan, Esq., was made chairman and H. A. McPike secretary of the meeting, after which R. L. Johnston, Esq., was called on to express his sentiments in relation to the great loss and sorrow brought upon the country by the tragic death of its chief magistrate. This the gentleman named signified his willingness to do, but suggested as the first thing in order the adoption of a series of resolutions embodying the views of the congregation on the sad and sorrowful subject under consideration. The following preamble and resolutions, previously prepared by John S. Rhey, Esq., were thereupon read by the secretary and adopted without a dissenting voice as the sentiments of the entire congregation:

WHEREAS, The death, under any circumstances, of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, is an event which claims the sympathy and calls forth the sorrow of all classes of citizens, without regard to religious or political sentiments; and whereas in a time of profound peace and general prosperity James A. Garfield, President of the United States, without cause or the shadow of provocation, and at a time when no evil was oppressing the people and there was no wrong to be redressed, was stricken down in the prime of his life and almost at the threshold of his official career by the murderous bullet of a cowardly and brutal assassin: therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the members of this church regard with deep and unutterable abhorrence the dastardly act which has deprived the nation of its lawfully chosen Chief Magistrate, and that we share in common with our fellow countrymen and countrywomen the profound sorrow with which his tragic death has not only filled the hearts of the American people, but has caused a shock everywhere throughout the civilized world.

*Resolved*, That after months of suffering and of alternate hope and fear on the part of fifty millions of people, and after a long endurance by President Garfield with a patience, heroism and hopefulness which commanded universal admiration and homage, his cruel, unmerited and untimely fate adds to our sorrow that in the providence of God his life could not be spared to his country.

*Resolved*, That we sincerely sympathize with the aged mother and bereaved wife and children of our dead President, and pray that they may be comforted in their inexpressible affliction by the Father of all mercies and the God of all consolation.

*Resolved*, That a generous confidence should be extended to Chester A. Arthur in the weighty responsibilities of the high trust to which, under Providence, he has been so suddenly and sadly called, and the earnest hope is indulged that he will administer it for the best interests of the entire country. In this hope we tender the lamented President's "the Government at Washington still lives," and let us add that through his successor it must continue to live with our new Chief Magistrate as its executive head.

As a further expression of the grief which pervades every heart, and as peculiarly Catholic in all of its sentiments and invocations, the following editorial from the Boston *Pilot* of last week was read and submitted to the meeting by the secretary:

THE DEAD PRESIDENT.—The long fight is ended, and the people weep here and there. The nation's watch by the bedside is over. After eighty days of cruel suffering, the firm nature succumbed. The silent millions who, amid the bustle of market, exchange, factory and farm, had never lost consciousness of the wounded President, and his afflicted wife and children, may now as mutely pray for his soul's rest and for peace for the stricken hearts of his near ones.

Never beside the bed of a crowned king wept so vast a multitude of real mourners. Never has the political distinction and reserve of royalty wrapped a ruler with infinite tenderness as our fifty millions felt for their wounded President. Here was no formalized sympathy, graded by class and expressed by cold ceremony. Here were quivering lips and hearts that every day cried out their manly and womanly grief as they saw her who sat the bed-side and the watched hand of her slowly dying husband.

By sorrows and losses we are purified and strengthened, nations as well as men. A few months ago, when the hand that will be accursed forever shot the President men's hearts were divided in bitterness and party strife. Public opinion glared at each other before the people, and hatred and wrath had fastened like deadly corrosion on the hearts of opposing elements.

All this evil has been the universal solvent of Grief. Party lines have been obliterated. Divisions among the people have healed. The virulent has been sloughed off. The majesty of the nation's grief shamed the selfish into restraint and evoked all the judgment and dignity of the patriotic.

North, South, East, and West, we are One at last. One hand lays the wreath on the President's coffin—the immortal hand of Columbia! One voice prays above his grave, the voice of America —GOD REST HIS SOUL.

After the reading of the foregoing resolutions and editorial from the *Pilot*, Mr. Johnston and Gen. Jos. McDonald delivered brief but eloquent and pathetic addresses, both of which paid high tribute to the noble bearing to the martyred President and his devoted wife during the long weeks of excruciating suffering which preceded his final dissolution. Rev. Father Reardon was then called on, but feeling, as he said, that no words of his could add to the fitting and eloquent sentiments already uttered, he did no more than endorse the well expressed views of the two gentlemen who had preceded him. This ended the proceedings, and, on motion of Mr. Johnston, the congregation dispersed.

## UNDER THE NEW RULES.

### THE FIRST FRUITS OF THE CRAWFORD COUNTY SYSTEM IN CAMBRIA—A GOOD TICKET SECURED FOR THE DEMOCRACY.

In pursuance of notice previously given by Chairman McMullen, the first experiment in the way of electing Democratic candidates for county offices was made in the several election districts on Saturday last, and on the following Monday, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, the return judges as embodied in the person of a Committeeman from each district met in the Court House to count the vote and determine the result. Chairman McMullen presided, and Messrs. P. McGough, of Portage, and Fergus Lloyd of Ebensburg, acted as Secretaries. A tabulated statement of the vote cast will be found elsewhere in these columns. When Clearfield township had been reached, Squire McGough, one of the Secretaries, moved that, through respect to the memory of our late President, James A. Garfield, whose final obsequies were at about that hour being observed in Cleveland, Ohio, the convention adjourn for half an hour, submitting at the same time the subjoined memorial:

WHEREAS, In common with all our countrymen, we are deeply sensible of the great National calamity that has befallen us in the death of President Garfield; and while submissively bowing to the mandate of that Higher Power which grants no exemption to titles, position, or character, we realize that the sad event is one that touches the heart of every American citizen. And now, while the whole land is in mourning, we pause with bowed heads in the presence of universal sorrow and lamentation to place upon record our heartfelt sorrow for the deceased, and our utter abhorrence of the act and the dastardly wretch who committed it, that has so tragically terminated the earthly life of our Chief Magistrate, therefore,

*Resolved*, That while not endorsing the lamented President's political views, we feel that the country has lost in him an honest, faithful public officer, an efficient Executive, and a fair-minded statesman.

*Resolved*, That we hereby express our profound sympathy for his deeply-afflicted family.

By a rising vote the resolution and the memorial were adopted, Capt. H. D. Woodruff, of Johnstown, having meanwhile paid a glowing eulogy to the virtures of the eminent deceased.

The proceedings were conducted with en tire harmony, with one single exception That exception was when Barr township returned one vote for John Dean, for President Judge. Capt. Woodruff, while disavowing anything like hostility toward Judge Dean, contended that to count in a Democratic convention votes cast for a Republican would establish a bad precedent for the future; and in this position he was sustained by a majority of the convention. Mr. Fitzharris and others took the view that the convention was not regarding party, and as such had no right to go behind the returns. The action of the convention, it may as well be said here, was not inspired by opposition to Judge Dean, but had reference only to Democratic integrity. Col. Jno. P. Linton also received a number of votes for President Judge, though it was distinctly understood by everybody that he was *not* a candidate.

A glance at the table will show that certain of the candidates made their calling and election by a decidedly close shave. P. B. Smith, of Munster township, for example, is only 3 votes behind Joseph Hogue, of Allegheny, for Commissioner, while George Gurley, of Ebensburg, is distanced by Hogue only 17 votes. The principal office voted for was that of Treasurer, for which John A. Kennedy led John W. Wunders 71 votes. A singular feature of the campaign is the fact that in the several districts of Woodvale, East Conemaugh and Franklin no election was held, while the total vote in all the districts that took part in the election was 2,500. Last November, Hancock's vote for President was 4,555.

As was to be expected, the assertion has been made that the returns were manipulated in the interest of certain of the winning candidates, but we incline to the opinion that the strictest scrutiny would signally fail to make good the assertion.

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NO HUMAN agency can so speedily cleanse the blood, clear the complexion and skin, restore the hair and cure every species of itching, scaly and scrofulous humors of the skin, scalp and blood as the Cuticura Remedies.

## THE NEW COUNTY COMMITTEE.

### WHO WERE PRESENT AND WHAT WAS DONE AT ITS FIRST MEETING.

Certain of the members of the new Democratic County Committee elected last Saturday met in the Grand Jury-room of the Court House, Ebensburg, Monday afternoon last, at the hour of four o'clock. Mr. James J. Kaylor was called to the chair, and Hon. James J. Thomas and John G. Gill, Esq., chosen secretaries. The list of Committeemen was then called, and the following-named gentlemen were found to be present:

Adams township—James Costlow.
Allegheny township—James J. Kaylor.
Blacklick Township—H. R. Longenecker.
Barr Township—H. J. Hopple.
Cambria Borough—Michael Malloran, First Ward.
Cambria Township—Isidore Lilly.
Carroll Township—Jas. J. Thomas.
Carrolltown—J. C. Wetzell.
Chest Township—John G. Gill.
Clearfield Township—Mich'l J. Dunegan, substitute for Silas Doughas.
Conemaugh Borough—Herman Baumer, First Ward.
Dean Township—W. J. Krise.
Ebensburg—Fergus Lloyd, East Ward.
Ebensburg—C. J. Blair, West Ward.
Elder Township—Anslem Weakland.
Gallitzin Borough—M. Fritzharris.
Johnstown—John Hannan, (represented by a substitute), First Ward, John Downey, Second Ward, Harry G. Rose, Fourth Ward; George Shafer, Fifth Ward; Joseph Koontz, Sixth Ward; Alison Hemlock Seventh Ward.
Millville—Patrick Conway, Second Ward.
Prospect Borough—Hugh McMonigle.
Stonycreek Township—Jethro Oldham.
Summitville—William Linton.
Susquehanna Township—Joseph A. Gray.
Tunnelhill—P. J. Leonard.
Taylor Township—Jas. R. Clark.
Washington Township—Joseph Swing.
White Township—S. J. Luther.

The first business brought to the attention of the Committee was the election of a chairman. The names of Messrs. P. B. Heist, of Ebensburg, John Lynch, of Summitville, and John E. Scanlan, of Ebensburg, were presented, and the first and only ballot resulted as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Heist | 18. |
| Lynch | 10. |
| Scanlan | 4. |

Mr. Heist was subsequently declared the unanimous choice of the Committee for the position of Chairman, which we doubt not he will fill to the entire satisfaction of the candidates and the best interests of the party.

The suggestion was made, and adopted, that a Deputy Chairman should be named by Chairman Heist for both the northern end and Southern end of the county, which suggestion received the approval of the committee.

The question as to whether the Crawford county system had worked beneficially to the welfare of the Democracy of Cambria county was introduced, but, after some discussion, was indefinitely postponed.

The following resolution was introduced by Hon. James J. Thomas:

WHEREAS, As the Democracy of this Judicial District have not deemed it expedient to nominate a candidate for the Preside nt Judgeship,

*Resolved*, That this Committee endorse the action of the Democratic Conventions of Huntingdon counties in commending Hon. John Dean to the suffrages of the Democratic voters of the district.

Much discussion was had as to the advisability of adopting this resolution, but in the end it prevailed. Upon the call of Mr. Downey, seconded by Mr. Oldham, the yeas and nays were registered thus:

YEAS—James J. Kaylor, H. R. Longenecker, H. J. Hopple, Isadore Lilly, James J. Thomas, D. C. Wetzell, John G. Gill, M. J. Dunegan, H. Bauner, Anslem Weakland, M. Fritzharris, Harry G. Rose, P. S. Friedhoff's sub. William Linton, Joseph A. Gray, P. S. Leonard, Joseph Sweeny, S. J. Luther.

NAYS—S. S. Miller, John Downey, Jos. Kuntz, Jethro Oldham.

No further business appearing, the Committee adjourned.

Following is a list of all the members of the new County Committee elected on Saturday last:

T. H. HEIST, Chairman, Ebensburg.
Adams Township, James Costlow.
Allegheny Twp.—James J. Kaylor.
Barr Twp.—H. J. Hopple.
Blacklick Twp.—A. R. Longanecker.
Cambria Borough—Michael Malloran, 1st ward; John A. Farr, 2d ward.
Cambria Twp.—Isadore Lilly.
Carroll Twp.—Jas. J. Thomas.
Carrolltown—D. C. Wetzell.
Chest Twp.—H. S. Miller.
Chest Twp.—John G. Gill.
Clearfield Twp.—Silas Douglass.
Conemaugh Borough—Herman Baumer, 1st ward; Joseph Freidhoff, 2nd ward.
Conemaugh Twp.—M. R. Shaffer.
Cooperdale Borough—Jacob A. Sweitzer.
Croyle Twp.—D. W. Luke.
Dean Twp.—W. G. Krise.
Ebensburg Borough—Fergus C. Lloyd, East ward; C. J. Blair, West ward.
Elder Twp.—Anselm Weakland.
Gallitzin Borough—Michael Fitzharris.
Gallitzin Twp.—No one named.
Jackson Twp.—D. W. Bratiter.
Johnstown Borough—John Hannan, 1st ward; John Downey, 2nd ward; Charles J. Mayer, 3rd ward; Harry G. Rose, 4th ward; George Shaffer, 5th ward; Joseph Kuntz, 6th ward; Alison Horlock, 7th ward.
Loretto Borough—Charles Addlesberger.
Millville—Neil McAnany, 1st ward; Patrick Connelly, 2nd ward.
Munster Twp.—George McCullough.
Portage Twp.—P. McGough.
Prospect Twp.—Hugh McMonigle.
Reade Twp.—H. D. Myers.
Richland Twp.—P. S. Freidhoff.
Stony Creek Twp.—Jethro Oldham.
Summerhill Twp.—W. H. Smay.
Summitville Borough—Wm. Linton.
Susquehanna Twp.—No one named.
Taylor Twp.—James R. Clark.
Tunnelhill Borough—P. J. Leonard.
Washington Twp.—Joseph Rainey.
White Twp.—Sylvester S. Luther.
Wilmore Borough—Peter Kinney.
Woodvale Borough—No one named.
Lower Yoder Twp.—Cyrus Strayer.
Upper Yoder Twp.—Wm. E. Grubb.

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### COMMUNICATION.

NEAR ST. AUGUSTINE, Sept. 26, 1881.

EDITOR CAMBRIA FREEMAN—DEAR SIR: In the last issue of the Carrolltown *News* appears the following squib from an anonymous correspondent in this place: "Prof. Strayer's strict, thorough manner of examination in this place on the 8th inst pleased every one except a few who expected to receive certificates without displaying the requisite amount of knowledge. The withholding of certificates from those who depend upon prompting will entitle him to the praise of all true friends of education." Now, three out of four applicants who were refused certificates on that occasion (an I those three are young ladies) have since then passed a thorough examination without any prompting and hold good certificates signed by Supt. Strayer, it is evident that the writer of the above was a little premature in his assertions about their want of knowledge. These teachers have the highest regard for Mr. Strayer as a Superintendent, and as a gentleman, and have not entertained any unfriendly feelings toward him for withholding their certificates on the first occasion, therefore I would here and now in all sincerity, and without any harsh feelings, say to this anonymous gent, who is well known to me, that he must learn to speak not as to be almost personal in his remarks about his neighbors, he should confine himself to the truth, for I do know that he is much mistaken when he asserts that they were displeased with Mr. Strayer as he is when he says they were not competent to pass an examination without being prompted, neither assertion being correct. Yours, &c., F.

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LITTLE rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow;
Rivers join the mountain billows,
Onward, onward as they go;
Life is many small fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn to live every day.

Life, it might be added, is short, and what little we want to learn ought to be learned quickly. Let us therefore proceed to learn the lesson now: Jas. J. Murphy, 119 Clinton street, Johnstown, sells ready-made clothing cheaper than any other clothier in Cambria county. His stock for Fall and Winter wear is large and well selected, and the attention of purchasers is directed to the same. He would prefer that you would call in proper person, but an order by mail will receive close attention.

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### *Men of Eminent Ability.*

Scholars and chemists, have devoted years of time and skillful labor that they might, in a measure, relieve human suffering. Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine is the result of the most patient and careful experiments. It is prepared with the most scrupulous care from pure Grape Juice and the choicest Fruits, Roots and Herbs, and stands preeminently without an equal for the cure of ladies suffering with private disorders, aged or feeble and debilitated persons, and those recovering from the effects of sickness, accidental or physical overwork. Guaranteed to promote digestion and give new and permanent vital force. In no way can it be used as an intoxicant. Ask Druggists. For sale at E. James' new Drug Store, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

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THE old man gazed at her obliquely,
He saw usually minded quite miquely;
And remarked that he guessed,
As he pulled down his vest,
They had better not come more than wiquely.

Anybody could write nonsensical poetry of that sort, if he tried; but when it comes to solid prose, nonsense ought to vanish and sense usurp the throne. What we proceed to say is sense, namely—that you ought to buy a pair of boots or shoes about this season of the year, if you value your health, and that you ought to make your purchases at S. Blumenthal's, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona. He has a big stock on his shelves, and each article sold is warranted to be not only the cheapest in any market, but is also guaranteed to wear till worn out.

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"The wife now gets her summer straw,"
With pansies decked, or tulips,
The husband gets his straw,
But gets it in his "julips."

The foregoing is libelous, so far as the husband is concerned, but we take the responsibility of giving it circulation, anyhow. At the same time we send out this item of news to accompany the couplet, that Godfrey Wolfe is just in receipt of a specially nice installment of Fall goods, to which the attention of the readers of the FREEMAN is invited. He assures the public that he will sell none but good goods, and that his prices will meet the unqualified condition of his customer. Our former townsman, Mr. Ed. Miller, is one of his salesmen.

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*Ladies, for those distressing complaints to which you are subject, use Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine.* [4-7.'81.-1y.]

## OFFICIAL RETURNS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY ELECTION,

### HELD ON SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1881.

| DISTRICTS. | Treasurer. | | | Associate Judges. | | | | | | County Commissioners. | | | | | | | | | | Auditors. | | | | P.D. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | John W. Wunders | John A. Kennedy | Patrick Moran | John J. Farrell | Rev. J. Lloyd | James Myers | John Flanigan | George W. Osborn | W. W. Harris | David Shinkle | John Campbell | Charles Flick | Patrick H. Smith | Henry Beagler | Joseph Hogue | George Gurley | Lewis W. Shank | Lewis Hoover | Charles Dunlap | Francis Mulvehill | Joseph Gutzwald | John Hipps | M. A. Englehart | John Litzinger | A. J. Rhey | George W. Lady |
| Adams Township | 38 | 9 | - | 2 | 19 | 15 | 34 | 9 | 13 | 6 | 45 | 57 | 15 | 12 | 16 | 12 | 20 | 2 | 2 | - | - | 28 | 17 | 43 | - | 47 |
| Allegheny Township | - | 18 | 99 | 45 | 52 | 44 | 23 | 26 | 15 | 13 | 14 | 57 | 15 | 12 | 68 | 12 | 2 | 23 | 18 | - | 2 | 40 | 28 | 44 | 59 | 112 |
| Barr Township | - | 65 | 3 | 14 | 41 | 46 | 13 | 5 | 5 | 2 | 1 | 20 | - | 28 | 16 | 40 | 2 | 20 | 2 | - | - | 36 | 45 | 46 | - | 26 |
| Blacklick Township | - | 24 | - | 2 | 18 | 22 | 11 | 6 | 9 | 10 | 16 | - | - | 6 | 4 | 8 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 2 | - | 12 | 23 | 14 | 11 | 23 |
| Cambria Borough { 1st w. | 60 | 15 | 1 | 56 | 5 | 10 | 58 | 14 | 2 | 4 | 69 | - | 22 | 31 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 6 | - | - | 12 | 39 | 40 | - | 23 |
| { 2d w. | 58 | 1 | 2 | 41 | 1 | 6 | 36 | 26 | 2 | 2 | 50 | 2 | 42 | 31 | 2 | 4 | 1 | 4 | 6 | - | 14 | 12 | 48 | 49 | - | 38 |
| Cambria Township | 5 | 28 | 21 | 17 | 14 | 19 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 10 | 5 | - | - | 1 | 41 | 3 | 10 | 7 | 4 | 6 | - | 12 | 23 | 10 | 14 | 13 |
| Carroll Township | 3 | 151 | 7 | 63 | 37 | 43 | 7 | 98 | 6 | 9 | 2 | 4 | 3 | 72 | 16 | - | 32 | 3 | 4 | 6 | - | 91 | 91 | 47 | 26 | 13 |
| Carrolltown Borough | 2 | 84 | - | 25 | 41 | 29 | 30 | 25 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 41 | 13 | - | 30 | 3 | 5 | 52 | - | 52 | 34 | 19 | 26 | 83 |
| Chest Springs Borough | - | 8 | 21 | 6 | 10 | 18 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | - | 1 | 5 | 19 | 5 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 13 | - | 16 | 16 | 7 | - | 28 |
| Chest Township | - | 36 | 2 | 2 | 10 | 31 | - | 33 | - | 2 | - | 1 | - | 8 | - | 27 | 18 | - | 2 | 23 | - | 16 | 16 | 16 | 13 | 35 |
| Clearfield Township | - | 51 | 26 | 31 | 65 | 29 | 23 | 42 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 1 | 16 | 37 | 18 | 5 | 2 | 27 | 20 | 1 | - | 33 | 16 | 16 | 107 | 68 |
| Conemaugh Bor. { 1st ward | 105 | 46 | 2 | 3 | 104 | 70 | 139 | 9 | 11 | 86 | 144 | 1 | 6 | 4 | 12 | 15 | 23 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 18 | 87 | 37 | 139 | 42 | 154 |
| { 2d " | 63 | 58 | 1 | 16 | 65 | 38 | 48 | 71 | 3 | 10 | 100 | 2 | 56 | 1 | 5 | 33 | 12 | 5 | 1 | 2 | - | 48 | 80 | 104 | - | 122 |
| Conemaugh Township | 61 | 1 | - | - | 13 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 15 | 1 | 16 | 1 | - | - | 1 | - | 1 | - | - | - | - | 16 | 2 | 16 | - | 17

## THE STORY OF THE SEA.

It is familiar knowledge that the velocity of a ball from a rifle is slow compared with that of this great ball, the earth, on which we travel round the sun, and which speeds in its orbit through space some eighteen miles in the interval between two ticks of a clock, and in our latitude it turns on its axis about a quarter of a mile in the same brief time. But even its orbital motion is slow compared with that of Venus, which is thirty miles a second, while it is conjectured that the velocity of some of the remote suns of our astral system, double or single, can be less than light itself. References need not be made here to the number of providential arrangements by which our globe has been made a secure home for existence—among them the relative quantity and distribution of its various elements. Thus, the Sea occupies some three-fourths of the surface of our sphere, which were it all dry land and covered with vegetation, would produce atmospheric conditions which would terminate animal existence. So safe and solid seems our globe, so smooth its course, that few reflect on the simple means by which it might be destroyed—as Sacred Writ informs us as it yet will be. For if anything arrested it in its path for a single instant, its motion would be converted into heat by the stoppage, and every vestige of vegetation and life burned off its surface. Under such circumstances the ocean would fly off in vapor, and, perhaps, become icefied by the temperature of space—like Saturn's rings. An analogous arrangement of water and land is found to obtain on the planet, Mars, as may be seen by a map of his surface, where, from his distance, the telescope can just determine whether any area 200 miles long and broad is square or round. On Mars the land is more grouped around the equator, and by this presenting a large surface to the sun's rays and absorbing and reflecting his heat, partly compensates for the distance of the planet from the centre of the system. Long island continents appear to surround the poles—recognized by little white dots of snow, of which the northern is five times less in extent than the southern, decreasing in summer; a proportion similar to that on our earth the heat absorbed by those arctic belts of land tending to keep the planet warm. Mars is of a red color, which perhaps arises from his vegetation, being red, as ours is green, and if so this is another arrangement for attracting and retaining heat, as may be seen from the familiar experiment of placing bits of red, yellow and blue cloth in the snow under sunshine, when the snow is first melted under the red bit. We need not say that provisions for keeping the remoter planets warm have been made by giving them extensive atmospheres which retain the distance-diminished power of solar radiations. Such atmospheres are like the fur coat to the Laplander—an additional blanket to a wintery world. Much, too, depends on the proportion of the elements which enter into an atmosphere; if we had somewhat more carbonic acid in ours from its heat-retaining power, we might grow apricots at the North Cape.

Besides its daily tides, our ocean is supposed by theorists to have its great secular tides, which, during periods of many thousands years, cause its waters to reponderate north and south of the equator. At present the oceanic centre of gravity is south of the line; but if this mathematical theory which is connected with the procession of the equinoxes, is valid, a time will arrive some 6,300 years hence, when the maximum extent of the water will be in the northern hemisphere, and if so, merely our mountains will be above water, and our islands form an archipelago, as geologists tell us they did once. Such vast changes in the position of the ocean, however will be gradual, so that the human race would, in the interval, have migrated to inhabital lands, perhaps some new continent in the south; is cured by the powers they may be endowed with by the advance of scientific discovery at the remote day referred to. At present the submersion and emersion of land is going on slowly, but on a great scale. The Australian continent is sinking; the American rising; the basin of the Pacific, whose borders are the scene of the most active volcanic agency is deepening; the depth of the Indian ocean increasing; a result in part perhaps of the melting of the ice at the South Pole. When Cook voyaged along the antarctic continent 110 years ago he could only penetrate a short way thro' an estuary now opened up for 300 miles. Some think that the glaciers are piled up twenty miles high at the South Pole. When Kepler in his day observed an eclipse of the moon, he states that the southern polar shadow of the earth on our satellite's disc was not rotund, as he expected it to be, but pear-shaped. At present the South Pole has seven more days of summer than the north, and the waters thus liberated by the heat are being added to the ocean. Even the English Channel is deepening.

The quantity of water on our globe is estimated at some 150 mill ons of cubic miles. It is supposed that the greatest depth of the ocean, as compared with the altitude of the highest mountain peaks, is as 7 to 5. The deepest sea sounding attained by the Challenger expedition was west of the Ladrones, between Admiralty Island and Japan—namely 4,475 fathoms, or upwards of five miles. The Americans register greater depths, but their proofs are said not to be so satisfactory. The bottom of the Atlantic is arranged in two vast channels or valleys divided by a submarine ridge whose basis is the Azores. On the west, Ireland extends a plateau of some 300 miles into the Atlantic, along which the water is shallow. Beyond this line the ground sinks precipitously, and the depth of the ocean thence to Newfoundland is 1,750 fathoms, nearly two statute miles. From Greenland to Labrador the depth is two miles, near St. Thoma's, West Indies, it is 4½ miles deep. Thence to the Bermudas it averages three miles, and a similar depth from Bermuda to New York. The South Pacific is supposed to be the deepest part of the ocean; five miles of line have been run out without touching bottom. The color of the ocean bed varies: there are vast areas of red clay, of grey volcanic debris, of coast matter, and so on. The natural color of the sea is blue like that of the air, but the water locally exhibits many tints. The Mediterranean is dark azure, so are the oceans where they are deep. The North Sea green, from its mixture of fresh water; the White Sea is the color of chalk, the waters near Cape Palmas and the Guinea Coast are as white as milk. The bay of Loanga blood red, as are portions of the Red Sea from its algæ. Such varieties of tints depend on that of the bottom, on the presence to marine animalcuæ, the earth weed and other causes. There are spots in the Indian Ocean and Carribean Sea, where the water is so exquisitely clear, a vessel seems to float on it as on air, and groves of plants, corals, shells of every charming chromatic variety can be seen at a depth nearly twice as great as the height of Nelson's Pillar. In relation to the magnitude of the earth, however, the general depth of the ocean is but a film—and not proportionately thicker than that which a brush dipped in water would leave on a globe four feet in diameter. Sounding is of rendered ineffective by the action of the currents, which at great depth bear with them miles of line. Evidences of life have been found at the greatest depths reached where the pressure splits the thermometer bulb. The Atlantic is shallower than the Pacific as 14,400 to 19,500. The Black Sea is only 3,000 feet deep, or but half the depth of the Mediterranean. It is said that a lower temperature is found at great depths under the equator than in the Arctic Seas, possibly from the meeting under the line of the ground currents from both poles. The Mediterranean waters are warmer than those of the tropics.

The ordinary height of waves in an Atlantic gale is fifteen feet, but with the same force of wind they rise at intervals higher. The length of their ridges is some quarter of mile; the deeper the sea, the higher the waves. Their velocity in a strong gale is 2.875 feet a minute. Where there are great currents and the wind is against them, the billows mount to considerable altitudes. In the Bay of Biscay Admiral Fitzroy states he saw them rise to the height of the tops of a man-of-war, that is 50 feet from the level of the deck; but some French navigators record that off the Cape of Good Hope, there is a powerful current, the wave ridges rose to the prodigious elevation of 275 feet. Some consider this estimate exaggerated. That storm waves mount to great elevations, when, encountering an obstacle, a rocky cape, or light-house, is a matter of yearly experience. The Bell Rock light-house, which is 112 feet high, is frequently completely buried in the mounting surge and spray. The pressure of a wave, which could rise to such a height is equal to that of three tons to the square inch. Hence there is little marvel in reading that in the year 1824 a mass of stone, of seven tons, was swept from Plymouth breakwater like a cockle shell, and lifted 150 feet from its original position.—"*Pat Chat*" *in Irish Times.*


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It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

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That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

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No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

Aug. 12, 1880-ly.

Floreston Cologne. The Most Fragrant and Lasting of all Perfumes New, Delightful and Fashionable.

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PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Are you suffering from Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or Bowel, Kidney or Liver Complaints, you can be cured by using PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are wasting away with Consumption, Female Weakness, Rheumatism, or any sickness: if you have a bad cough or cold, you will find sure relief in PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

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PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Made from Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many other of the best medicines known; it is the Best Health and Strength Restorer ever used—far superior to Bitters, Essences of Ginger and other Tonics, as it never intoxicates, and Cures Drunkenness.

It Has Saved Hundreds of Lives; It May Save Yours.

Buy a 50c. or $1 bottle of your druggist, and be sure your signature is on the outside wrapper. Hiscox & Co., Chemists, N. Y. Large saving in buying $1 size.

Parker's Hair Balsam, Removes Dandruff. Elegantly Perfumed. Prevents Baldness.

The Best and Most Economical Hair Dressing.

Containing only ingredients that are beneficial to the hair and scalp. PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair to the youthful color, and is warranted to stop falling of the hair. *Sold by druggists at 50 cts. and $1.*

Nov. 12, 1880-1y.

PE-RU-NA

This is a new remedy, originally compounded and introduced to the medical profession and public by Dr. John Hartman, of Columbus, O., of 32 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa., who has prescribed it in over 40,000 cases. It is a purely vegetable compound, containing the active principles of many of the most effective remedies known to the profession, and is particularly adapted to the changes of the season. In this PERU-NA should not be used. In Constipation and Diarrhœa it is invaluable. Send for PERU-NA ALMANAC about to be given away. Prepared by the Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O. PERU-NA is a great remedy in itself. Prepared according to the scientific principles of combining vegetable ingredients and in combining them into one of the most effective remedies ever discovered. PERU-NA MEDICATES NATURAL in every disease, and the work of restoration commences with the first dose. Those in the last stages of consumption need not reach nor address it will not cure. For particulars send for a pamphlet.

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STARTLING DISCOVERY!

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., N. Y.

Feb. 4, 1881-1y.

READ PROOF OF WONDERFUL CURES.

FREMONT, OHIO, Jan. 28, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: I think it my duty to render you my thanks for benefits and profits which I have derived from your invaluable and far famed Spavin Cure. My cousin and I had a valuable stallion worth $4,000 which had a very bad spavin, and was pronounced by four eminent veterinary surgeons beyond any cure, and that the horse was done forever. As a last resort I advised my cousin to try a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure. It had a magical effect—the third bottle cured it and the horse is as well as ever. Dr. Dick, of Edinburgh, the eminent veterinary surgeon was an uncle of mine, and I take great interest in assisting his profession. Yours, truly,

JAMES A. WILSON, Civil Engineer.

Kendall's SPAVIN Cure

WILTON, MINN., Jan. 11, 1881.

B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: Having got a horse book of you by mail a year ago, the contents of which persuaded me to try Kendall's Spavin Cure on the hind leg of one of my horses, which was badly swollen and could not be reduced by any other remedy, I got two bottles of Preston & Ludd-th, Druggists of Waseca, which completely cured my horse. About five years ago I had a three year old colt sweenied very bad. I used your remedy as given in your book without rowelling, and I must say to your credit that the colt is entirely cured, which is a surprise, not only to myself, but also to my neighbors. You sent me the book for the trifling sum of 25 cents and if I could not get another like it I would not take twenty-five dollars for it. Yours, truly, GEO. MATHEWS.

From a PROMINENT PHYSICIAN.

WASHINGTONVILLE, OHIO, June 17, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: Reading your advertisement in Turf, Field and Farm, of Kendall's Spavin Cure, and having a valuable and speedy horse to find home from spavin for eighteen months, I sent to you for a bottle by express, which in six weeks removed all lameness and enlargement, and also a large splint from another hind leg, and the horses are to-day as sound as colts. The one bottle was worth to me one hundred dollars. Respectfully yours,

H. A. BENTOLETT, M. D.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

HARRISBURG, PA., Nov. 18th, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: I have a very fine mare that I have driven for a long time. I tried everything man could devise to cure it, but all in vain, and was about to give it up when a friend of mine put me up to one and recommended "Kendall's Spavin Cure." On the 1 tried it and got it, and was pronounced by four eminent veterinarians to be incurable, and I think there is no better book printed on the horse and his diseases. I have taken great interest in it, and have since sold 18 copies for you to my neighbors, and will try and do what good I can by getting them for others. Yours truly, G. W. MILLER.

Kendall's Spavin Cure on Human Flesh.

WEST ENOSBURGH, VT., Feb. 15, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: Several months ago I injured my knee joint, which caused an enlargement to grow the size of a large walnut and caused me very severe pain all the time for four or five weeks, when I began to use Kendall's Spavin Cure with the most satisfactory results. It has completely removed the enlargement and stopped the lameness and pain. I have long known it to be excellent for horses, but now I know it to be the best liniment for human flesh that I am acquainted with. Yours truly, T. P. LAWRENCE.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Is sure in its effects and mild in its action, as it does not blister; yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep-seated pain, or to remove any bony growth or other enlargements, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings, and any lameness and all enlargements of joints or limbs, and also for rheumatism in man, or for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mildly and yet certain in its effects.

Send address for Illustrated Circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for man or beast.

☞ Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you; or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price, by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUCCISTS.

Feb. 18, 1881.-6m.

(Trade mark and name registered.)

Camphor manufactured.—WONG SAM KEE & CO., Tea Merchants, 816 South Second street, Philadelphia, Pa.)

Chinese Cream CAMPHOR!

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN IN MAN AND BEAST!

Commands the attention of all who have been inveterate sufferers of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, FROSTED FEET, STIFF JOINTS, and all pains in every portion of the body. The seat of pain is reached by exciting the pores to action, thus enabling the curative properties of the CHINESE CREAM CAMPHOR to enter, which stifles the pain as soon as the affected parts are reached. The liniment must, upon each application, be rubbed in thoroughly; and in cases of Rheumatism of long standing it should be used three or four times a day, and four applications made each time, until cured. Care, however, should be exercised after the pores are opened, to prevent taking cold.

FOR HORSES

—THE—

Chinese CREAM Camphor

IS INVALUABLE.

It relieves Sprained Joints, Thrush in Feet, Sweeny, Poll Evil, Blood and Bone Spavins, Ringbone, and all hard lumps caused by kicks or other bruises. For Epizooty, Distemper, Fever, Colic, Loss of Appetite, and Weakness, use the IRON HORSE AND CATTLE POWDER.

☞ A half-pint bottle of the CHINESE CREAM CAMPHOR can be had for 50 cents from E. JAMES, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa.

N. B.—The testimonials of persons using this preparation, either on themselves or their horses, will be thankfully received.

TESTIMONIALS.

I have tried the Chinese Cream Camphor for Rheumatism and Nervous Headache, and have found in it instant relief. I have never found its equal in all my travels.—GEORGE BEVAN, London, Eng., (son of Capt. Sir Geo. Bevan, R. N., Singapore, India.)

I used the Chinese Cream Camphor for a severe attack of Rheumatism in the right shoulder, and can sincerely say, after having tried several other well-known remedies, that it is the best thing I ever used, curing me completely.—MILLARD F. WALTON, 117 N. 41st street, West Philadelphia, March 1, 1881.

After one application of the Chinese Cream Camphor I was relieved of frosted feet.—NATHAN EVANS, 415 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 12, 1881.

Having suffered severely with frosted feet I used the Chinese Cream Camphor three times, rubbing it in thoroughly, and was cured. My mother tried it for nervous headache, obtaining instant relief. —ANTON S. TAUBEL, 1215 Melon street, Philad'a. Jan. 15, 1881.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 409 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

*Parsons' Purgative Pills* make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps.

*J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.*

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $1 outfit free. Address *H. Hallett & Co.*, Portland, Me.


### An Invention Destined to Supersede Rowing.

An Auburn inventor has patented a device for propelling boats which promises to entirely revolutionize the present laborious method of rowing, and which will be hailed with delight by the young man who has to take his best girl and his portly prospective mother-in-law out rowing several evenings in each week. Those who do not row can dilate upon the scenery of the outlet and the beauties of a "life on the ocean wave" as much as they please, but the fatigued and perspiring young man mentally says he would prefer sawing a cord of wood to rowing many miles farther.

The new mechanical movement of which we wish to speak in this article will agreeably diminish, if not entirely obviate, nearly all the sorrows of the amateur oarsman. The inventor is Mr. Henry N. Staats, of this city, and the design of his appliance is to render practicable the use of a screw-propeller upon small boats. The invention can be applied to any row boat, and consists simply of a propeller-shaft which projects through the stern of the boat and has secured to its end a screw-propeller, which, by the rotation of the shaft by hand power applied to a double crank, causes the boat to move forward with greater or less speed, governed by the rapidity of the revolutions.

The work is not nearly so tiresome as rowing, and with the same amount of power expended the speed attained is far greater. The advantages of the propeller are numerous and must be conceded. One is that the person faces the direction he is going instead of riding backward as in rowing, and can steer the craft himself by means of stirrups attached to a gear also invented by Mr. Staats. In duck-hunting you can noiselessly approach the feeding ground and see where you are going. In trawling this method is also far superior to laborious rowing.

Two, or even more persons can work at the handles and by a simple change of a pin the handles can be worked in either direction, which is often a great relief to the muscles. The appliance is certainly ingenious and eminently practicable. We have witnessed its operation, and everybody who has rowed a boat "for pleasure" will be charmed with it. The cost of the apparatus is but $25, and we can unhesitatingly say, that upon trial we do not believe the owner of a boat would be willing to have it taken out and return to the old method for quadruple the first cost. We think Mr. Staatz has a bonanza in his invention.—*Auburn (N. Y.) Advertiser.*

### Vaccination.

Probably at no time in the history of the world have sanitary and hygienic laws been so carefully studied as they are at the present. Physiologists, have made experiments upon the lower animals in order to elucidate the causes of certain diseases, hoping in this way to discover a means to prevent their appearance, and lately most surprising results have been attained through their efforts, and there is a fair promise that sanitary science will enable us to entirely eradicate the more virulent of epidemic diseases. Lately the efficiency of vaccination as a preventive of small-pox has been questioned by some medical practitioners, and this fact has given rise to considerable discussion among physicians. The fact seems to be that humanized vaccine gradually loses its efficiency through successive transmissions, and greater reliance should be placed on the pure bovine lymph than upon that from a human subject. It must also be observed that the immunity which vaccination secures does not continue so long as it formerly did. In Jenner's time it was thought, and apparently with good reason, that a single vaccination was sufficient for a lifetime, but for some reason it is now necessary to repeat the operation at short intervals to preserve immunity. Whether this is entirely owing to the deterioration of the lymph or partly due to an increase in the virulence of the disease itself is not known. Probably few are aware of how greatly the mortality from this disease has increased of late years among vaccinated persons. From 1819 to 1835 the percentage of mortality was 1.75; from 1836 to 1852 it was 6.9; from 1852 to 1867 it had increased to 7.6, and now it is over 9 per cent.—*New York Times.*

### A Substitue for Black Walnut.

Black birch is rapidly coming into favor. Birch is a close-grained handsome wood, and can be easily stained to resemble black walnut exactly. It is just as easy to work, and is suitable for nearly, if not all, the purposes to which walnut is at present applied. Birch is much the same color as cherry, but the latter wood is now scarce, and, consequently, dear. It is with difficulty that cherry wood can be obtained at $50 a thousand feet, while birch wood can be obtained at any saw-mill for $1 per thousand feet. When properly stained it is almost impossible to distinguish the difference between it and walnut, as it is susceptible of a beautiful polish equal to any wood now used in the manufacture of furniture. In the forests throughout Ontario birch grows in abundance, especially if the land be not too boggy. There is a great difference in the wood of different sections. Where the land is high and dry the wood is firm and clear, but if the land is low and wet, the wood has a tendency to be soft, and of a bluish color. In all the northern regions it can be found in great abundance, and as the tree grows to such a size, little trouble is experienced in procuring a large quantity. The forests of the Manitoulin islands abound with it, as well as those of the Peterborough and Haliburton districts. The Muskoka districts also contain a plentiful supply. During the past few years large quantities of the wood have been exported from the Province of Quebec at a low figure. It is easily detected among other trees by its height, large trunk, and the peculiar color of its coarse bark. Most of the perforated chair-bottoms now in use are manufactured from it. There is a species of bird's-eye birch, but it is very scarce. An evidence of the weight and solidity of the wood is the fact that it will sink after being a few days on the water. This is a slight drawback to the work of having it conveyed to the saw mills. One of the principal means resorted to is binding it together with pine logs, and thus it is brought to the mill.

### How Salmon Are Caught.

Salmon are caught by what is called "the fishing wheel." This device consists of a jetty of rocks built out from a point on the shore of the river, outside of which is a planked slueceway, in which an undershot wheel with large task buckets revolves. The slueceway was built when the river was at its lowest stage of water, and the wheel is hung so that it can be raised or lowered, as may be desired, according to stage of water. The instinct of the salmon is to run up the river alongside of the banks instead of mid-channel. By this the fish can take advantage of the eddies below jutting points of land. On the projecting points the Indians have been from time immemorial taking salmon in large numbers by using dip-nets. The jetty built out from the point above name l makes a larger and longer slackwater behind it, and the salmon rounding the point rush into the slueceway to get up the river. In the slueceway the wheel, which revolves in the current, is ganged so as to sweep within a foot of the bottom, and the salmon are scooped up in the tanks or buckets, which latter let out the water as they ascend. On the wheel descending the fish are thrown out into a trough or gutter leading to a pen below, where they remain until taken away to be canned. The arrangement of the sluice, wheel, etc., is a most successful one, the catch of the adult salmon, which are the only ones canned, running from 1,500 to 4,000 per day. There is virtually no expense in taking the fish save attending to the pen.

### Catching Herring in Winter.

In winter there is a different and a novel method of capturing herring. Like mackerel, they go in schools, and for some reason they will always follow a light. Two or three fishermen provide themselves with torches made of birch bark or cotton batting, saturated with kerosene oil, and on dark nights row along the shores with a torch in the bow of the boat. The boat is rowed as swiftly as possible, and when a "school" is struck the chase begins. The herring dart after the boat, coming close up to it in swarms, and while one of the men rows the other dips up the herring with a dip-net.


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SUMMER GOODS OF ALL KIND!

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CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1881.-tf. S. TEITELBAUM.

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are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels at the same time, restoring them to healthy action, thereby curing such diseases as Kidney Diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed their victims for years. We have yet to hear of a case where Kidney-Wort has failed to give relief. No longer use Alcholic Bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use nature's remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist. Price, $1. (Will send post paid.)

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PAPER AND OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING AND SHADE FIXTURES; LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; INGERSOLL ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best for feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; WELL AND CISTERN PUMPS, of the best quality; PERKINS' PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; CHATTANOOGA WAGONS AND CARTS; the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all shapes and sizes and of superior ware ever offered for sale in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT BRUSHES of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of choice

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Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

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Ebensburg, March 25, 1881.-1y.

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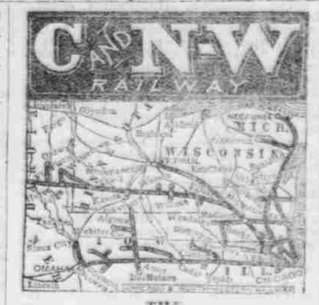


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